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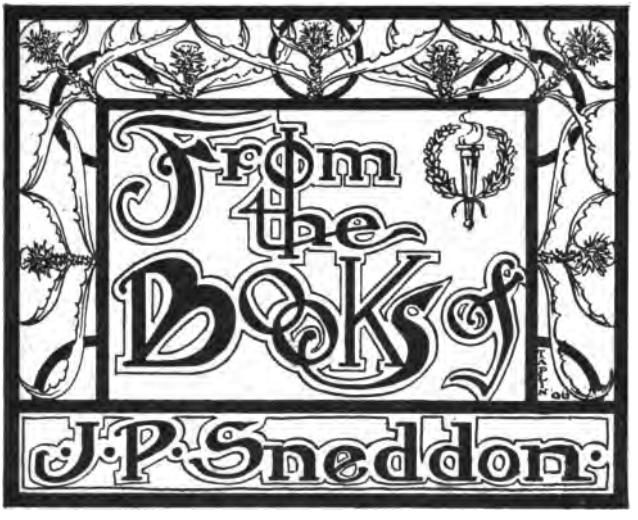
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ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTA

" For, though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway."

ANONYMOUS

The Tempest's Tale

King John

PHILADELPHIA

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

"For, though a mortal made of clay,
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ANONYMOUS

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The Works of

William Shakespeare

Volume XII

The Winter's Tale

King John

144

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from consideration of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610-11: —(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of the Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evi-

dence:—(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakeable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest,* 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the Poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!'

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—probably based on some real episode in the history of Poland and Bohemia in the XIVth century (*cp. Englische Studien,* 1878, 1888—*'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time'* (*or, 'Dorastus and Fawnia'*) "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister

fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*"* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose death-bed utterances, reported in his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,*' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum,* 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale,* at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia.*†

The two lovers.
From the title page of '*Dorastus and Fawnia.*'

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library.* (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

† A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido,* as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

> *'Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,*
> *To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?'*

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i.) In the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connexion with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale*, from this latter point of view, suggests comparisons with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.*

* *Cp.* Alcestis, ll. 1121-1134, which have been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'er power my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest."

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392-8:—

"Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
*By Jove's descend'nt ingenious Mercury."**

Autolycus.
From a XVIth century woodcut.

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations,*' recorded that Ben Jonson said, " Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia,

Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine.
(W. F. NEVINS.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly '*lives, though yet she speaks not*'; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp.* "*My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.*"

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus,*' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts,*' 1875).

where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in *'A Winter's Tale'*; he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> *'It is in my power*
> *To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour*
> *To plant and o'erwhelm custom.'* (Act IV. i. 7-9.)

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale,* with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed 'Unity of Time'—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie,* anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both 'time and place.' *The Winter's Tale,* perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "NOW GROWN IN GRACE
> EQUAL WITH WONDERING."

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. Sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. Sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. Sc. iv. and Act. V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Polixenes, king of Bohemia, who is visiting his boyhood friend, Leontes, king of Sicilia, becomes desirous of returning to his own kingdom, and cannot be persuaded by his host to prolong his sojourn. Leontes then asks his queen, Hermione, to join her persuasions to his own. Her hospitable entreaties are so successful that Polixenes defers his departure. This slight incident is sufficient to arouse in Leontes a tempest of jealousy touching his queen's and his friend's mutual honour. He endeavours to prevail on a courtier named Camillo to poison Polixenes; whereupon Camillo informs the guiltless and unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and flees with him to Bohemia.

II. The flight confirms Leontes in his wild suspicions. He visits his wrath upon the innocent Hermione, causing her to be isolated in a dungeon, where she is shortly afterward delivered of a daughter. Paulina, a lady of the court, presents the babe to the king, but he disavows it and orders it to be exposed in some remote desert place.

III. The babe, who is named Perdita because she "is counted lost forever," is borne to a coast of Bohemia, by a courtier who is afterwards destroyed by a bear; while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own.

Meanwhile Hermione, who has been brought to public trial, is completely vindicated by a Delphic oracle

declaring: "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." Leontes discredits the oracle and is punished by the tidings of the sudden death of Hermione and her only son. The monarch is brought by this stroke to realize the enormity of his offence. He repents and resolves to do daily penance.

IV. Sixteen years pass by. In the court of Bohemia Polixenes and his friend Camillo discuss the reported actions of the king's son Florizel, who of late has been paying assiduous attention to a shepherd's lass. In order to investigate the report they disguise themselves and visit the shepherd's cottage, where they find Florizel on the point of betrothing Perdita. The king wrathfully puts a stop to the betrothal, when the lovers resolve to flee the country. Camillo privately offers to conduct them to Sicilia, assuring them of a warm welcome on the part of Leontes. The offer is gladly accepted.

V. Florizel and Perdita are cordially received in Sicilia, but are closely pursued thither by Polixenes. At this juncture the clothing and jewels found with the infant sixteen years before are produced by the shepherd, thus establishing the identity of Perdita as daughter of Leontes. The joy of the two sovereigns at meeting again after their long separation is redoubled by the prospect of uniting their children in marriage. One thing only is lacking to the perfect happiness of Leontes —the presence of his lost wife, whom he has never ceased to mourn. Thereupon Paulina invites the company to inspect a statue of Hermione. They pause spellbound at the triumph of art, for the supposed statue is so perfect as to seem animate. At last it actually stirs, and the enraptured Leontes finds that he is embracing not marble

but his living wife Hermione, who, dwelling in retirement, has awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Hermione.

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own, yet sometimes—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. . . .

She receives the first intimation of her husband's

jealous suspicions with incredulous astonishment. It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not or cannot understand; but she *will* not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity:—

> "Should a villain say so,
> The most replenish'd villain in the world,
> He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
> Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles":—

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You *did* mistake."

Her mild dignity and saint-like patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow, would be quite incompatible with the character. . . .

The character of Hermione is considered open to criticism on one point. I have heard it remarked that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory—such conduct, argues the critic, is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. Would Imogen have done so, who is so generously ready

to grant a pardon before it be asked? or Desdemona, who does not forgive because she cannot even resent? No, assuredly; but this is only another proof of the wonderful delicacy and consistency with which Shakspeare has discriminated the characters of all three. The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But, besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago: or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgement, in Leontes is a vice of the blood; he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy, with which Shakspeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion; has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence. She has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with

illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgement of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief "which burns worse than tears drown"? Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart; to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all, to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the parade of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and where there is little of impulse or imagination—"the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul"—there are but two influences which predominate over the will—time and religion. And what then remained but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character; it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art with which the dramatic character is fitted to the circumstances in which it is placed: that per-

fect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability.

This scene, then, is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character:—

> "Chide me, dear stone! that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty—warm life—
> As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!"

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which at the same moment is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality; and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up, till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Perdita.

In Viola and Perdita the distinguishing traits are the same—sentiment and elegance; thus we associate them together, though nothing can be more distinct to the fancy than the Doric grace of Perdita, compared to the romantic sweetness of Viola. They are created out of the same materials, and are equal to each other in tenderness, delicacy, and poetical beauty of the conception. They are both more imaginative than passionate; but Perdita is the more imaginative of the two. She is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess. The perfections with which the Poet has so lavishly endowed her, sit upon her with a certain careless and picturesque grace, "as though they had fallen upon her unawares." Thus Belphœbe, in the *Fairy Queen*, issues from the flowering forest with hair and garments all besprinkled with leaves and blossoms they had entangled in their flight; and so arrayed by chance and "heedless hap," takes all hearts with "stately presence and with princely port"—most like to Perdita!

The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in *The Winter's Tale*, and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione; yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. But the colouring in Perdita is more silvery light and delicate; the pervading sentiment more touched with the ideal. . . .

The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some

of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Chlorises and Sylvias of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions; as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, "vermeil-tinctured," and informed with an airy spirit that knew "all wiles of woman's wits," fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene (the fourth) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

Leontes.

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive of it—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity

and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, nor brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honour, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The most remarkable stroke of genius in this play of Shakespeare is that he turned only into a comedy a subject which could furnish the most sombre of tragedies. He understood admirably that however violent and tragic were the acts, such a character would be necessarily comic. Indeed, so comic, that it is exactly the one which our Molière has drawn in *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu imaginaire.* Leontes is formidable otherwise than the poor *bourgeois* of Molière, for his folly is supplied with far different means of action; but they are brothers, if not in rank yet in nature, and their souls plunge into the same grotesque element.

MONTEGUT: *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.*

V.

Leontes and Othello Contrasted.

The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately, consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In *The Winter's Tale,* the jealousy of Leontes is not less, but more fierce and unjust, than that of Othello. No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona:—

"Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours forever.'"

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour—she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty. The passion of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, a terrible chaos of soul—confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth; there is a gross personal resentment in the heart of Leontes, not sorrowful, judicial indignation; his passion is hideously grotesque, while that of Othello is pathetic.

The consequences of this jealous madness of Leontes are less calamitous than the ruin wrought by Othello's jealousy, because Hermione is courageous and collected, and possessed of a fortitude of heart which years of suffering are unable to subdue:—

> "There 's some ill planet reigns;
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
> Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be performed!"

But although the wave of calamity is broken by the firm resistance offered by the fortitude of Hermione, it commits ravage enough to make it remembered. Upon the Queen comes a lifetime of solitude and pain. The hopeful son of Leontes and Hermione is done to death, and the infant Perdita is estranged from her kindred and her friends. But at length the heart of Leontes is instructed and purified by anguish and remorse. He has "performed a saint-like sorrow," redeemed his faults, paid down more penitence than done trespass:—

"Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of."

And Leontes is received back without reproach into the arms of his wife; she embraces him in silence, allowing the good pain of his repentance to effect its utmost work.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

Mamillius.

The wild wind of *The Winter's Tale* at its opening would seem to blow us back into a wintrier world indeed. And to the very end I must confess that I have in me so much of the spirit of Rachel weeping in Ramah as will not be comforted because Mamillius is not. It is well for those whose hearts are light enough, to take perfect comfort even in the substitution of his sister Perdita for the boy who died of "thoughts high for one so tender." Even the beautiful suggestion that Shakespeare as he wrote had in mind his own dead little son still fresh and living at his heart can hardly add more than a touch of additional tenderness to our perfect and piteous delight in him. And even in her daughter's embrace it seems hard if his mother should have utterly forgotten the little voice that had only time to tell her just eight words of that ghost story which neither she nor we were ever to hear ended.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Autolycus.

The clowns' heads are full of the prices of wool; they have no thought for roses and nightingales, and their

simplicity is rather comical than touching. They are more than overmatched by the light-fingered Autolycus, who educates them by means of ballads, and eases them of their purses at the same time. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, has travelled the country with a monkey, been a process-server, bailiff, and servant to Prince Florizel; he has gone about with a puppet-show playing the Prodigal Son; finally, he marries a tinker's wife and settles down as a confirmed rogue. He is the clown of the piece—roguish, genial, witty, and always master of the situation. In spite of the fact that Shakespeare seized every opportunity to flout the lower classes, that he always gave a satirical and repellent picture of them as a mass, yet their natural wit, good sense, and kind-heartedness are always portrayed in his clowns with a sympathetic touch. Before his time, the buffoon was never an inherent part of the play; he came on and danced his jig without any connection with the plot, and was, in fact, merely intended to amuse the uneducated portion of the audience and make them laugh. Shakespeare was the first to incorporate him into the plot, and to endow him, not merely with the jester's wit, but with the higher faculties and feelings of the Fool in *Lear,* or the gay humour of the vagabond pedlar, Autolycus.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Paulina.

Among Shakespeare's additions in the first part of the play we find the characters of the noble and resolute Paulina and her weakly good-natured husband. Paulina . . . is one of the most admirable and original figures he has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common

sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello,* but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Oehlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Camillo.

In the case of Camillo we trace a line of prudence darkening almost into duplicity, that permeates the very purest and most single-hearted of natures. His virtue, which is his character, is the very growth of the trying circumstances by which he is surrounded. He is frank and bold to the fullest extent that is consistent with prudence and usefulness; he carries prudence and management to the fullest extent that consists with self-respect and honour. In truth he is as virtuous and direct as a man can be who is fain to live among the hard conditions of a court, and this perhaps is as much as to say that Autolycus retains as much rectitude as a pedlar may who is tempted by dupes thrice over, and not often has the chance of evincing a leaning to virtue by taking her bid when roguery only makes an equal offer. But this is unfair to Camillo, though it might be so to few others, and we must approve and admire the sagacity with which he proves the strength of unreasoning prejudice, and hoodwinks and eludes the power he can neither disabuse

nor contend against. This is the wisdom that ere now has saved a nation as it saves the fortunes of the play, but may the world soon lack those tyrannous necessities that reduce the best virtue practicable so nearly to the equivocal.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

X.

Antigonus Compared with Camillo.

In the very first words Antigonus utters, Shakespeare shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

XI.

Conspectus.

Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals—he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

It is easily seen that here, in contrast to *As You Like It*, the general foundation and plan of the whole—the jealousy of Leontes, the exposure of the infant, the seclusion of the Queen and the repentance of her husband, the young Prince's love for the exceedingly beautiful shepherdess,

etc.—although unusual, are nevertheless in accordance with reality; the characters, also, are consistently developed, without sudden changes and psychological improbabilities. Individual features, however, are all the more fantastic. We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concatenation of events, circumstances and relations; everything is removed from common experience. Not only is Delphos spoken of as an "island" and Bohemia as a maritime country (local reality, therefore, disregarded), but the reality of time also is completely set aside, inasmuch as the Delphic oracle is made to exist contemporaneously with Russian emperors and the great painter Julio Romano; in fact, the heroic age and the times of chivalry, the ancient customs of mythical religion and Christianity with its institutions are brought together *sans cérémonie.* It is a matter of accident that the death of the Crown Prince is announced simultaneously with the utterance of the oracle, and that the condition of the Queen appears like actual death. It is purely an accident that the babe is saved at the very moment that the nobleman who exposed it is torn to pieces by a bear, and that his ship, with all on board, is lost, so that no tidings could be carried back to Sicilia. It is mere accident that the young Prince of Bohemia strays into woods and meets the shepherds with whom the Princess is living. In the end similar freaks of chance repair the results of the first accidents, bring all the dramatic personages together in Sicilia, put everything into its proper order, and bring about a happy conclusion. As, therefore, the unreal, the fantastic is here expressed in individual features rather than in the general fundamental relations of the play, so it is also more the interaction of external matters of chance that govern the whole and solve the contradiction of opinions and intentions, of deeds and events; thus, in spite of all the apparent impossibilities, that which is rational and right is ultimately brought about.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brightier relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting.

SYMONS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} *four Lords of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*
Clown, *his son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia.

They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly': besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's 91
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf!

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother!

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdom
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.'

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our service to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Hath made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say ' she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
' 'Tis pity she 's not honest, honourable ':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said ' she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say ' she 's honest ': but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

Act. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How:
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me from committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You 'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering.
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.
[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father: 120
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal 130
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault are thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not

to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel,

my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;

who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born. [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Flo. "Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come."

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Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Per. "O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!"

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Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pritheebringhimin;andlethimapproachsinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

AUTOLYCUS SINGS

Mop. "Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:"
Dor. "If to either, thou dost ill."

Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter,
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw

whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man: here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye! you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or not, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be a great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 820
'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a 830
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 840

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double oc-

casion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who has the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, ' She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd ';—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I had almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety

Leon. "——What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!"

The Winter's Tale. Act 5, Scene 1.

Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; 1
but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but 2
in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, 3
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder

out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship,

and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's

Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

', sojourn for a short
e; "no more but a."=only
ce a short stay; IV. iii. 95.
rd him, i.e. aboard his
); IV. iv. 853.
ed, deceived; II. i. 141.
n, suit (perhaps "this a.
ow go on" = this which I
now to undergo); II. i.

ess yourself, prepare; IV.
53.
nture, venture; I. ii. 38;
iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 464.
nture of, risk of; V. i. 156.
off, indirectly; II. i. 104.
tion, instinct; I. ii. 138;
osition, V. ii. 40.
nt, confront, come be-
; V. i. 75.
reath; V. iii. 78.
k for lesser knowledge';
"Oh, would that I had
knowledge"; II. i. 38.
'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.
ing, approving; I. ii. 185.
edly, confusedly; V. i.

edness, amazement, sur-
e; V. ii. 5.
nt, old; IV. iv. 79.
ntry, old people; III. iii.

er, the other; IV. iv. 176;
i. 82.

Ape, imitator; V. ii. 108.
Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 98.
Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.
Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 597.
Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 31.
Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
At, (?) to (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"="when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.
Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 29.
Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11
Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 87.
Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 434.
Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.
Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 119. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bench'd, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

Bents, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

Bide, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

Blank, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

Blench, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

Bless me, preserve me; IV. iv. 268.

Blocks, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

Blusters, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

Bohemia=the king of B.; I. i. 7.

Boot, avail; III. ii. 26.

From a French (print *c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Boot, profit; IV. iv. 644; "grace to be," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Boring, perforating; III. iii. 93.
Borrow, borrowing; I. ii. 39.
Bosom, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 568.
Bourn, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.
Brands, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.
Brave, fine; IV. iv. 202.
Break-neck, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.
Breed, educate; III. iii. 48.
Bring, take, accompany; IV. iii. 119.
Bug, bugbear; III. ii. 93.
Bugle, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 223.
But, but that; V. i. 141.
But that, only because; II. i. 105.
By-gone day, day gone by this = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

Caddisses, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.
Callat, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.
Game home, "did not get hold" (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot; IV. iv. 749.
Caparison, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.
Carbonadoed, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 265.
Carriage, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.
Carver, sculptor; V. iii. 30.
Censure, judgement; II. i. 37.
Centre, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. i. 102.
Chamber-councils, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
Changed, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
Changeling, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 122.
Character, handwriting; V. ii. 38.
Charge, weight, value; IV. iv. 258.
Cheat (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.
Child, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
Childness, childishness; I. ii. 170.
Churl, peasant; IV. iv. 437.
Circumstance, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
Clamour (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 249.
Clap, clap hands, *i.e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
Clear'd, excepted; I. ii. 74.
Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 59.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 36.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Colour, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 560.

Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 562.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 94.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 99.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 145.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 87.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 811.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 35.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, has to do with; IV. iv. 429.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 37.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis,* early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 519.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 134.
Custom; "with a c.," from habit, IV. iv. 12; trade, custom, V. ii. 108.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 220.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 439.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 503; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 139.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 45.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.

From an Engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 252.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 254.
Difference, i.e. d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.

Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 195.
Dim; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 641.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 537.
Discover, disclose, shew; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 731.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 659.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 405.
Dis's waggon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 422.
Do, describe; V. ii. 63.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 82.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 652.
'Eggs for money,' a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behaviour; III. ii. 50.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 743.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 405.
Estate; "unspeakable e.," *i.e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 46.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 106.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 724.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 195.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want; V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 487.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 718.

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 105.
Favour, countenance, look; V. ii. 53.

Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i.e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 100.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 123.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 648.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 431.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 428.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 42.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 535.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 173.
Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 519.
Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 553.
Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 427; IV. iv. 556.
Friends; "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
From, away from; IV. ii. 43.
Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 593.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 330.
Gallows, i.e. the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
Gently, moderately; IV. iv. 811.
Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.
Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 788.
Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 171.

Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 221.
Go about, intend; IV. iv. 218; attempt; IV. iv. 711.
Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.
Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
Grace, favour; III. ii. 48.
Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 30.
Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 543.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 102.
Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 781.
Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 462.
'Happy man be's dole,' a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.
Have, possess; IV. iv. 568.
Have at, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.
Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 729.
Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.
Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 115.
Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.
Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 130.
Hereditary, i.e. derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.
Him, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.
Hobby-horse; I. ii. 276. (See illustration.)

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Holy, pious, good, V. i. 170; blameless, V. iii. 148.
Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully, V. iii. 4.
Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
Hot, active; IV. iv. 692.
Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' fecks, in fact; I. ii. 120.
Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 103.
Impawn'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
Importance, import; V. ii. 20.
Incense, incite; V. i. 61.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.
Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 170.
Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 187.
Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 208.
Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 746.
Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.
Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.
Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.
Irremovable, immovable; IV. iv. 512.
It, its; II. iii. 178.
It is, he is; I. i. 38.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.
Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 36.
Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 105.
Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 71.

Kiln-hole the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 246.
Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 354.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting; eternal; I. ii. 317.
Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 462.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 43.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 82.
'Leven, eleven; IV. iii. 33.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
——, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 546.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 726.
Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.

Limit, "strength of l.," limited strength; III. ii. 107.
Lvely, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l. o.," *i.e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 41.
Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.
Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Losel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.
Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m.," the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 98.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 357.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wisners, patrons; V. ii. 188.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; ors; IV. iii. 46.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 743.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 592.
Medler, busybody; IV. iv. 323.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goat-skins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 327.

From Küchler's *Pageants and Tourney at Stuttgard* (1609).

Mere, absolute; III. ii. 142; only, III. ii. 145.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 40.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 149.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet-show; IV. iii. 103. (See illustration.)

A motion of the prodigal son.
From an English woodcut of XVIIth century.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.

Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 109.

Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat" = horned cattle; I. ii. 123.

Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 326.

Neb, beak = mouth; I. ii. 183.

Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 223.

Next, nearest; III. iii. 127.

Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge, I. i. 40; distinction, eminence, IV. ii. 48; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note" = the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.

Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.

Of, off (= on); "browzing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.

Of, some of; "you have of," *i.e.* there are some; IV. iv. 216.

Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.

O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 260.

On, of; II. ii. 23.

On 't, of it; II. i. 169.

Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.

Out of, without; V. i. 90.

Over, over us; IV. iv. 661.

Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.
Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.
Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.
Paragon, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.
Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide, I. ii. 18.
Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.
Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale,* where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.
Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.
Pash, head; I. ii. 128.
Passes, surpasses; II. ii. 20.
Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.
Pattern, match; III. ii. 37.
Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.
Peer, peep out; IV. iii. 1.
Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.
Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.
Performed, executed; V. ii. 105.
Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 613.
Physics, heals, cures; I. i. 43.
Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 609; painted statue; V. ii. 187.
Piece, complete; V. ii. 117.
Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.
Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.
Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.
Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.
Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.
Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 244.
Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 470.
Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206. (*Cp.* illustration in *Twelfth Night.*)
Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 227.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 603. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 529.

Post; "in p.," in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 34.

Power; "to my p.," to the best of my power; V. ii. 182.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 29.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 168.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 33.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous*; V. ii. 158.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretence, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.

Prig, thief; IV. iii. 105.

Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 544.

Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.

Proper, own; II. iii. 139.

Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.

Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.

Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.

Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 45.

Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.

Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 537.

Question, conversation, IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial, V. i. 198.

Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.

Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 225.

From a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby (*temp.* Elizabeth), in the Church of Bisham, Berks.

Race, root; IV. iii. 49.

Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.

Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.

Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 411.

Regard, look; I. ii. 390.

Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.

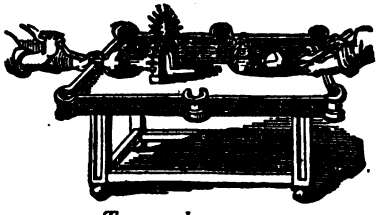
Remember, reminds; III. ii. 231.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 116.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 41.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve, II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 673.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 404.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.
Saffron, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 47.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs*; IV. iv. 329.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 570.
Savour, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 73.
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.
Shall's, shall us (*i.e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 354.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 790.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i.e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 854.
Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 566.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgement); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.

Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 118.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s.," in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 146.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 185.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springe, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 36.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 211.
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 343.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 46.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 100.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 431.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 51.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 359.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 43.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 604. (*Cp.* illustration in *Cymbeline.*)
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 38.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 582.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; VI. ii. 177.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 163.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i.e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th of October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 250.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 812.
That = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"); "that . . . no" = "lest"; I. ii. 12.
——, so that; I. i. 30; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
Thereabouts, of that import; I. ii. 378.

Thereto, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
Thick, made thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
Thought, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
Thought on, held in estimation; IV. iv. 525.
"Three man song-man," i.e. "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 44.
Three-pile, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.
Thriving, successful; II. ii. 45.
Tincture, colour; III. ii. 206.
Toaze (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i.e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 747.
Tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 34.
Tods, yields a tod; IV. iii. 33.
Traffic, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
Traitorly, traitrous; IV. iv. 807.
Transported, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 159; borne away by ecstacy, V. iii. 69.
Tremor cordis, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
Trick, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
Troll-my-dames, the French game of *Trou-madame*; IV. iii. 89. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Trumpet, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
Trunk, body; I. ii. 435.
Tug, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 502.



Trou-madame.
From an early collection of foreign emblems.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

Unbraided (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.
Unclasp'd, revealed; III. ii. 168.
Uncurrent, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 50.
Undergo, undertake; IV. iv. 548.
Uneasy, difficult; IV. ii. 56.
Unfurnish, deprive; V. i. 123.
Unintelligent, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 16.
Unrolled, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 127.
Unsphere, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
Unthrifty, not increasing; V. ii. 120.
Unvenerable, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 465.
Use; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
Utter, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 325.

Vast (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 33.
Vessel, creature; III. iii. 21.
Vice, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
Villain, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
Virginalling, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte"); I. ii. 125.

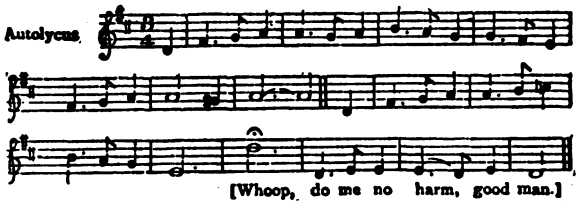
From a painting on glass, executed in 1601

Visible, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 560.
Vulgars, the common people; II. i. 94.

Wafting, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.
Waits upon, accompanies; V. i. 142.
Want, be without; IV. ii. 15.
Wanton, play; II. i. 18.
Ward, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
Warden, a baking pear; IV. iii. 48.
Wearing, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
Weeds, garments; IV. iv. 1.
Welkin, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
Well, at rest; V. i. 30.
What, whatever; I. ii. 44.
Which, that which; III. ii. 61.
Whistle off (Folio 1. whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off"= to send off; IV. iv. 246.
Whitsun pastorals, Whitsuntide morris-dances; IV. iv. 134.

From a woodcut of the XVIIth century.

Whoo-bub, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 623.
"*Whoop, do me no harm, good-man,*" the name of an old song; IV. iv. 199. The rest of the words are unknown, but several ballads printed in the latter part of XVIth century go to this tune.



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Wild, rash; II. i. 182.
Wilful-negligent, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
Wink, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
Winked, closed my eyes; III. iii. 106.
Winners, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 132.
Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
With, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 68.
Without-door, outward, external; II. i. 69.
Woman-tired, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
Wonder, admiration; V. i. 133.
Wondering, admiration; IV. i. 25.
Worn, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
Worship, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.
Worth, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
Wotting, knowing; III. ii. 77.
Wrought, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

Yellow, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
Yest, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 94.
Yet, still; I. ii. 51.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. ii. 44. *'What lady she her lord'*; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she' = 'a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she' = 'woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. *no, nor dream'd,'* so later Folios; Folio 1 (retained by Cambridge Edition), *nor dream'd;* Spedding, *'neither dream'd'*; the reading adopted in the text has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. *'false As o'er-dyed blacks'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'o're dy'd'*; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. *'methoughts'*; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to *'methinks'*; it is noteworthy that the correct *'methought'* occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. *'that,' i.e.* 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. *'Who taught you this?'* Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, *'taught 'this'* (with an apostrophe before *'this,'* indicating an elision); the later Folios, *'taught this.'*

II. ii. 25. *'A sad tale's best for winter'*; hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39-41. *'There may be in the cup A spider,'* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

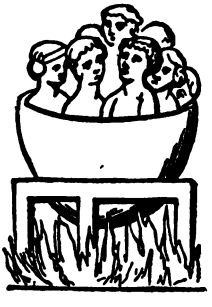
II. i. 134. *'I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife'*; *i.e.* 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. *'I would land-damn him'*; so the Folios; *'land-damm' 'laudanum,' 'lamback'* (*i.e.* 'beat'), *'half-damn,' 'live-damn,' 'landan* (*lantan, rantan*),' *'lant-dam,'* are among the vari-

ous emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *'I would—Lord, damn him!'* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *'damn'd,'* here uses *'land-damn,'* as a sort of grim quibble for *'landan,'*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries,* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. *'As you feel doing thus,'* probably = my doing thus to you (*i.e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *'the instruments that feel'* = my fingers.

II. iii. 178. *'to its own protection,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'its'*; the old possessive form *'it,'* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 101); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *'it own,'* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *'its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,'* to be found in Act I. ii. 266, is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.



From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

III. ii. 178. *'boiling in leads or oils.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

III. iii. 123. *'You're a made old man'*; Theobold's emendation of the Folio reading *'mad,'* confirmed by the corresponding passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. *'to it,' i.e.* 'the present.'

IV. ii. 4. *'It is fifteen years since,* etc.; changed by Hanmer to *'sixteen,'* the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. *'when the kite builds, look to lesser linen'*; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 53. *'I' the name of me——'*; probably, as has been

suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 13. '*swoon,*' Hanmer's correction of Folios; '*sworn,*' retained in the Cambridge edition.

IV. iv. 160. '*out*'; Theobold's emendation for Folio 1, '*on 't.*'

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*'); '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer,*' is probably radically identical with '*clamber,*' the Scandinavian original of which, '*klambra*' = to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

From a tapestry in the Chateau d'Effiat The original represents a gentleman and lady, who are looking at a gypsy encampment. While the gentleman is directing the lady's attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects the purse with her girdle.

IV. iv. 275. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Register in 1604.

IV. iv. 436. '*Farre than Deucalion off*'; '*farre*' = 'farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*farre,*' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*far,*' unnecessarily substituted by the Cambridge Editors.

IV. iv. 586. '*i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, ''*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her.*'

IV. iv. 594. '*appear,*' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

IV. iv. 621. '*I picked and cut their festival purses.*' (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)

IV. iv. 721. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 60. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*' in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 105. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame

as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

6. *to pay Bohemia*:—"Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions.'" says Farmer; "and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan."

Scene II.

20. *none, none*:—"Shakespeare," as Clarke observes, "like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgement, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness."

53. *pay your fecs*, etc.:—"An allusion," according to Lord Campbell, "to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation."

121. *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?*—Upon this Clarke remarks: "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon

a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in nature's."

178. *We are yours,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," White tells us, "had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

217. *They 're here with me already*:—They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.

221-227. That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had. is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms.

345. *I am his cupbearer*:—In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cupbearer, endeavours to dissuade Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

372. *Wafting his eyes,* etc.:—This is a fine stroke of nature. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

419. *Be yoked with his,* etc.:—A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "Let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

458-460. *Good expedition,* etc.:—An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. Malone's suggestion is: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason

the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell understands it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion."

465. *Come, sir away*:—Coleridge has this note on the first Act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second Scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay—

> 'There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
> So soon as yours, could win me'—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:—

> 'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
> I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
> What lady she her lord';

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

90-92. *one that knows*, etc.:—One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

104, 105. *He who . . . speaks*:—He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

119-124. *when you shall know*, etc.:—"If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection," says Clarke. "No one better than Shakespeare knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and

severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect."

191. *Give rest,* etc.:—This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion; if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god.

Scene III.

20. *in himself too mighty,* etc.:—Greene's novel has: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. *The time is worth the use on't*:—That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

Scene II.

29-33. *if powers divine,* etc.:—Thus Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush,* and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

86. *Those of your fact are so*:—That is, those who have done as you have done. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "It was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in

forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

107. *strength of limit*:—That is, according to Mason, "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing." Hudson (Harvard ed.) suggests that the meaning may be, "before I have got strength by seclusion," regarding *of* as merely equivalent to *by.*

133-137. *Hermione is chaste*:—In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Coleridge remarks: "Although, on the whole, this play is exquisitely respondent to its title, and even in the fault I am about to mention still a winter's tale; yet it seems a mere indolence of the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response some ground for Hermione's seeming death and fifteen years' voluntary concealment. This might have been easily effected by some obscure sentence of the oracle; as, for example: 'Nor shall he ever recover an heir, if he have a wife before that recovery.'"

148. [*Hermione faints.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is," says Clarke, "not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown'; she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe."

173. *Does my deeds,* etc.:—"This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is," in Johnson's opinion, "agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt."

193, 194. *though a devil,* etc.:—Though a devil would have shed tears of pity from out the flames, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

Scene III.

1. *perfect*:—In the sense of *sure* or *certain,* Shakespeare often has *perfect.* So in *Cymbeline,* III. i. 73-75:—

> "I am *perfect*
> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
> Their liberties are now in arms."

55. *lullaby*:—This occurs in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Time.*] "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play," says White. "The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful: the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written. The Chorus I believe not to have been written by Shakespare. It bears no resemblance to his work at any period of his life. A comparison of this Chorus with the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and the Prologue to *Henry VIII.,* will, I think, convince any one with an ear that they are from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's. He probably saw, after putting the story into dramatic form, that for an audience an explanation was needed to bridge over the space between the two acts, and committed the ungrateful task to willing hands. It has been supposed by previous editors, and not without reason, that the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* was written by Ben Jonson. But from the remarkable use in that composition of the uncouth and disjointed rhythm produced by the continued *enjambement de vers,* which is noticeable also in the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and in a still greater degree in this Chorus, I more than suspect that they were all written by Chapman. See Chapman's poetical address *To the Reader* which precedes his translation of Homer; and also that translation."

Scene III.

23-31. *My traffic*, etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this Act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"

33. *every 'leven wether tods*:—Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about *20s.* or *22s.* in 1581.

Scene IV.

6. *extremes*:—His extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

22. *Vilely bound up*:—Johnson thinks it "impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder."

74-76. *rosemary and rue*, etc.:—See *Hamlet*, IV. v. 175 and 180-182, where Ophelia says, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . there's rue for you: . . . we may call it herb of grace." These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

86-88. *I have heard it said*, etc.:—It would seem that variegated gillyflowers were produced by crossbreeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating nature. Douce says that such flowers being artificially produced, "Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

97. *The art itself is nature*:—This identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the

History of Arts as a branch of Natural History, because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature,* and *artificial* from *natural.*" Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

99, 100. *I'll not put,* etc.:—Perdita is too guileless to understand fully the reasoning of Polixenes; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says, "She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."

105. *marigold*:—There is a difference of opinion among the commentators as to whether this means the sunflower or not. Some think the *garden marigold* is referred to, concerning which Ellacombe remarks that it "was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farm-houses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers." Contemporary allusions to the flower are frequent. Wither has the following:—

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,

Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

118. *Dis's waggon! daffodils*:—The story how, at the coming of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers which she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Of course, *from* Dis's waggon means *at the approach* of Dis's waggon. Coleridge says, "An epithet is wanted here [before *daffodils*], not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."

121, 122. *lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath*:—The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod, in a passage which has been rendered

"Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets dim, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

160. *makes her blood look out*:—This recalls beautiful lines in Donne's *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury*:—

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought."

227. *poking-sticks*:—These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to anything so well as to a squirt or a little

squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching or setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks,* and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

281. *ballad*:—All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

328. *men of hair*:—It is most probable that they were dressed in goatskins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, whose hairy dresses took fire, is related by Froissart as occurring at the court of France in 1392. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs,* baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

348. *you'll know more,* etc.:—This is in answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

446-455. *Even here . . . weep*:—Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" "For my part," adds Hudson, "I should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!"

449-451. *The selfsame sun . . . alike*:—Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:—

> "Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
> Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it thus:—

> "The stars shoot
> An equal influence on the open cottage,
> Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
> And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
> With care and whisper."

463. *no priest shovels in dust*:—Before the change in the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

466, 467. *If I might die*, etc.:—Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

589. *My prettiest Perdita!*—"The delineation of the love between Florizel and Perdita," says Brandes, "is marked by certain features not to be found in Shakespeare's youthful works, but which reappear with Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest*. There is a certain remoteness from the world about it, a tenderness for those who are still yearning and hoping for happiness and a renunciation of any expectation as far as himself is concerned. He stands outside and beyond it all now. In the old days the Poet stood on a level, as it were, with the love he was portraying; now he looks upon it from above with a fatherly eye."

835, 836. *'tis none of your daughter nor my sister*:—The unhesitating selfishness of the old man and his son at the approach of danger, though otherwise they are creditable rustics enough, the singleness of their anxiety to save their own skins from royal vengeance, by proving the foundling none of their blood, without any thought of her fate and fortune, belongs to the revulsions that characterize the play; it also finally detaches her, in our associations, from the class she has been reared amongst, and thus she is acquitted of ingratitude as well as presumption in moving easily towards the superior rank due to her nature as to her descent. Her own courage and collectedness at once place her in contrast to the bewildered and frightened hinds, and bring her worthily into sympathy with the patience and self-support of her brave mother Hermione.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

1. *et seq.* "The finely written prose scene of the conversing gentlemen," says Lloyd, "smooths the transition to the concluding scene by presenting the agitating incidents of the recognition of Perdita in narrative form, and this is also a concession to the superior dignity and interest of the revelation of Hermione. Here all spirits are attempered to modesty and reconciliation; the weak are strengthened, the vehement subdued, the wise contented; and although a change more startling than any in the play is to take place—the revival of the very dead—the moving and speaking of a statue, yet so easily is all conducted, with such orderly and tender sequence does the discovery take place, in such tranquillized purity of mind is all set forth and received, that the full discovery takes place at last rather with motion than speech, is acknowledged with embraces rather than words, is for contemplation rather than discourse."

106. *eternity*:—It would appear that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
Rut. That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgements.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

Scene III.

62. *already*——:—The passion of Leontes causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intentness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say, "Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."

68. *mock'd with art*:—Here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understand-

ings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

Questions on

The Winter's Tale.

1. Where in the order of the Poet's works does this play belong?

2. What textual and constructive characteristics help to determine the date?

3. State some differences between the play and Greene's novel upon which the play is based. What characters are invented by Shakespeare?

4. From what Greek play is the recognition scene in the last Act probably taken?

5. Show how this play is extreme in its defiance of the dramatic unities.

ACT FIRST.

6. In what sense is Sc. i. of the character of prologue? Indicate the ironic qualities of the Scene.

7. Contrast the tempers of the two kings at the parting interview (Sc. ii.). Of what does Hermione accuse Leontes?

8. Where and how is Florizel first mentioned?

9. What first indication do you see of the jealousy of Leontes?

10. Characterize the manner of Hermione as gathered from her words. How does Leontes describe her in line 108 *et seq.*? How much is exaggeration due to his distemper?

11. What effect is produced by Leontes's bantering words with Mamillius?

12. Is it likely that Leontes's jealousy has been long maturing? Can you derive any evidence from the play in proof of the view?

13. What is foreshadowed concerning Camillo in the words (ii. 235-241) which Leontes addresses to him?

14. Explain the reactionary effect in the mind of the spectator that proves the innocence of Hermione.

15. What state of morality of courts is indicated by the discus-

sion of Leontes and Camillo on poisoning? What compact is made between them?

16. Why does Camillo break faith with the king and disclose his purposes to Polixenes?

17. Indicate the causes of the subsequent action not laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

18. Describe the domestic scene at the opening of the Act. What is the dramatic effect of the irruption of Leontes and his train?

19. Does the flight of Camillo furnish dramatic probability to the position of Leontes?

20. Describe the bearing of Hermione under the charges of Leontes. How does she foreshadow the reconciliation?

21. How is the queen's justification, from the point of view of the spectator, made to follow immediately upon the accusation? How is humour added by Antigonus as a mitigation of the impression caused by the king's harshness?

22. As an episode, what is the nature of Sc. ii.? Of what temper does Paulina show herself to be?

23. Comment on the inharmony of her purposes in that she plans to assault Leontes with her tongue, and at the same time meditates upon the softening effect wrought by the sight of his new-born child.

24. Had Hermione meditated any further means of justifying herself?

25. Show how differently Othello and Leontes are affected by the supposed fact of unfaithfulness in their wives.

26. What picture is given of the effect of Leontes's act on Mamillius?

27. Why was the moment chosen by Paulina to show the child and plead Hermione's case particularly unfortunate?

28. Does one feel that the opportunity for reconciliation was spoiled by human bungling or by will of the gods?

29. What are some of the arguments employed by Paulina?

30. What disposition is made of the child? Upon whom is laid the task of carrying out the king's command?

31. Can you discover any thing in Antigonus upon which poetic justice may base her claim to the fate reserved for him?

32. How is the transition from the second to the third Act effected?

ACT THIRD.

33. Does Sc. i. contribute to the action? What is its purpose? Would the play suffer without it?

34. In the scene of the trial, what does Hermione say in her own defence? What traits of her nature does she exhibit?

35. What effect is produced by Hermione's cry for human sympathy in line 120 of Sc. ii.? Considering that she had the sympathy of all save the king, how is her spiritual solitariness here indicated? Does this speech contradict Mrs. Jameson's assertion that Hermione displays "dignity without pride"?

36. What dramatic necessity is there that the entrance of Cleomenes and Dion be previously prepared? Is there in this felt a justification of Sc. i.?

37. Does not the use of the oracle as the most dramatic symbol of retributive justice that the religious consciousness of man has furnished in history outweigh the consideration of its anachronism and hence justify itself?

38. How is the impiety of Leontes immediately punished?

39. Is the sudden and wholesale penitence of Leontes psychologically possible?

40. What is the purpose of Paulina's arraignment of the king at the time that she reports the death of the queen? Is there a feeling that the ends of justice are served, although the effect of her scolding tongue is unpleasant?

41. What was the cause of the death of Mamillius? Compare the art of Shakespeare in thus securing an effect of pathos with that of Dickens, let us say, in the death of such children as Little Nell or Paul Dombey.

42. Does the spectator think that Paulina believes Hermione to be dead?

43. What art is employed at the beginning of Sc. iii. to make up for the undramatic character of the casting away of the child?

44. How is Perdita named?

45. What effect through contrast is secured by the Shepherd's opening speech?

46. How does one hear of the fate of Antigonus and of the ship that brought Perdita to the island?

47. Why are these disasters not presented with an accompanying effect of pathos?

48. Show how this dramatic *motif* is made to serve also as a means of exhibiting the qualities at the base of rustic natures.

ACT FOURTH.

49. How does Time as Chorus speak of the constructive divergences of this play? How does he effect transition of attention to a different group of characters?

50. What is Camillo's desire as revealed at the opening of Sc. ii.? What is here revealed as the state of affairs at Sicilia?

51. How is Camillo's return postponed? How does Autolycus introduce himself?

52. What variant of a familiar Shakespearian situation do you see in the scene between Autolycus and the Clown?

53. Where is Polixenes's displeasure with Florizel foreshadowed? What is the dramatic effect of the apprehensiveness of Perdita?

54. How does Shakespeare show the innate superiority of Perdita to her surroundings? Is this superiority observed by any around her?

55. Indicate the literary quality of the discussion held by Polixenes with Perdita about gillyflowers.

56. Contrast the scenes of Perdita and of Ophelia distributing flowers. Note the emotional effects of each.

57. How is the singing of Autolycus described by the servant?

58. Characterize this scene of rustic life. Does it differ in any essential particulars from the rustic life glimpsed in *As You Like It*?

59. How is the plighting of Perdita and Florizel interrupted?

60. What does Perdita say after the discovery?

61. Does the Shepherd show any feeling for Perdita?

62. What strong expression does Florizel use to prove his faith? Is there sublimity and at the same time humour in the expression? Quote from Shakespeare, Addison, and Pope, expressions in differing ways analogous to this.

63. What is the principal ingredient of Florizel's love? How does he compare with the other ideal lovers of Shakespeare?

64. Shakespeare seems fond of exhibiting certain dominant traits of human nature in opposite sexes. Compare Florizel and Helena in this respect.

65. Do ethical considerations enter into the thoughts of Camillo, or is he to be regarded as the diplomatist *par excellence*, with whom successful accomplishment outweighs the means employed?

66. What course does Camillo map out for Florizel?

67. What is the dramatic effect of Autolycus's soliloquy beginning iv. 606?

68. How is Autolycus brought into the action as an integral part?

69. What treachery against Florizel and Perdita does Camillo plan?

ACT FIFTH.

70. What change do you note in the people of Leontes's court as a result of the lapse of fifteen years?

71. What promise does Paulina exact from Leontes?

72. Indicate the dramatic effect of the praises of Perdita uttered by the Gentleman in Sc. i.

73. How does Florizel report his marriage and account for his presence in Sicilia?

74. At so late a stage of the drama no new complication could be developed. Show how the one resulting from Florizel's false report of himself is quickly resolved. How is the question concerning the identity of Perdita prepared for solution?

75. Why is the scene of the recognition of Perdita by Leontes presented in narrative form? What is the cumulative effect of the method of presentation? How is the reconciliation of the kings described?

76. What traits of Paulina are emphasized by her manner of receiving the revelations? What foreshadows the vivification of the statue?

77. What touch of nature served the end of poetic justice in robbing Autolycus of the reward of the revelation and giving it to the Shepherd?

78. Does Autolycus repent with a wink?

79. What is said of the statue and its sculptor?

80. Show how Shakespeare manages a highly theatrical scene like the recognition of Hermione to give it dignity and impressiveness. Discuss the possibility of any but a professed actor managing such a scene and not overdoing it. From this point of view consider the theory of the Baconian authorship.

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81. Point out some of the structural peculiarities of the play; its false geography; its anachronisms.

82. Show in what ways interposition serves as a *motif* in this play.

83. Was Perdita created to fill the gap of years that the story demands for the working out of Leontes's repentance, or is the penitence-*motif* subordinate in importance to the Perdita-*motif* and does it only serve as a background to her?

84. Would the play be structurally improved if the story of Hermione's accusation were given in a prologue and the action began with the fourth Act?

85. Show in what ways the sentiment of childhood is used as a dramatic *motif*.

86. Is the roguishness of Autolycus paralleled in any other of Shakespeare's plays?

87. Is the character of Leontes essentially comic? Do the tragic elements of the play militate against the comic treatment, such as Molière has given to the character? Hence, is Shakespeare's course, by mediation, romantic?

THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Preface.

The First Edition. *King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of 'Histories.' The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II. to that of Richard III., with King John and Henry VIII. respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John*.

Source of the Play. Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*,' printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was '*written by W. Sh.*'; in the later edition boldly expanded to '*W. Shakespeare.*'* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> "*The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,*
> *Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:*

* *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays*, etc.).

The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
Records Philippus Regius filius:
Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
Filling the air with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." *

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i.) there is no hero; (ii.) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii.) its Anti-Romish spirit, which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv.) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge,† and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest 'to hide her from lay men,' and then discovers 'Friar Lawrence' locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as

* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' must be carefully distinguished from Bale's '*Kynge Johan*' (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*cp.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

† Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewis.

Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking are the closing words of '*The Troublesome Raigne*' which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

> "*Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign*
> *And bloody wars are closed with happy league,*
> *Let England live but true within itself,*
> *And all the world can never wrong her state.*
> *Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France*
> *For never Frenchman got of English ground*
> *The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.*
> . . . . . .
> *If England's peers and people join in one,*
> *Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.*"

'King John' and 'The Troublesome Raigne.' In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i.) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,* though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV.): (ii.) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii.) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,† but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv.) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e.g.*

* Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e.g.* there is a scene in which the *five 'moons'* actually appear.

† Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the *Magna Charta* in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne.*

Constance,* Hubert, Pandulph, and especially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v.) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi.) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John.*

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i.) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii.) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii.) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i.) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii.) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii.) that John 'contemned' the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an adapter,* Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne,* Part i.; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne,* Part ii., Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare,* Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare,* Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894, etc.).

* The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. Sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

"My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?
Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say
She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

Date of Composition. *King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II.* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

Duration of Action. The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

Royal Arms of England in the time of John.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the throne of England is seized by his brother John from the feeble grasp of their nephew Arthur, the rightful heir. King Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur, and menaces England with war; whereupon King John plans an invasion of France, and chooses as one of his generals a natural son of Cœur-de-Lion, whom he creates Sir Richard Plantagenet.

II. The English troops encounter the French forces before the city of Angiers—an English possession, which, however, refuses to open its gates to either king till the succession of the English tnrone be determined upon. The two sovereigns fight a battle without decisive result, and afterwards propose a treaty of peace. A niece of John is given in marriage to the French Dauphin. The treaty results in an acquisition of English territory on the part of Philip, who is thereby disaffected to the cause of Arthur.

III. King John refuses to bow to the authority of the Pope, and the latter excommunicates him. The papal legate incites Philip to break the treaty. War is resumed. The French are defeated in a general engagement, and Arthur is taken prisoner by his uncle, who gives secret orders that he be put to death.

IV. Upon the return of John to England, Hubert, a courtier, is instructed to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the young prince's entreaties so soften Hubert's heart

that he ventures to disobey the cruel mandate. Soon after Arthur attempts to escape from the castle where he is confined, by leaping from the battlements. The leap kills him, and his mangled body is found by some discontented nobles. They believe him to have been murdered by the King's command, and are confirmed in their purpose of deserting John and joining their strength with that of the Dauphin, who, armed with papal approval, is invading England.

V. The timid heart of John yields at this evidence of the Pope's wrath and power. He surrenders his authority to the papal legate, thinking thus to arrest the French invasion. But the Dauphin, urged by successes and claiming the English throne through his wife, continues to press forward. The English troops are mustered by Plantagenet, who valiantly battles with the French. The issue of the fray remains in doubt, each side having met with severe losses through outside and natural causes. The English nobles who had joined with the Dauphin now desert him, and he is disposed to terms of peace, which are willingly listened to by the enfeebled English. During the battle John has been removed in a state of illness to an abbey, where he is poisoned by a monk. Upon his death, his son Henry III. ascends the throne.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Philip the Bastard.

The character that bears the weight of the piece, as an acting play, is the illegitimate son of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Philip Faulconbridge. He is John Bull himself in the guise of a mediæval knight, equipped with great strength and a racy English humour, not the wit of a Mercutio, a gay Italianising cavalier, but the irre-

pressible ebullitions of rude health and blunt gaiety befitting an English Hercules. The scene in the first act, in which he appears along with his brother, who seeks to deprive him of his inheritance as a Faulconbridge on the ground of his alleged illegitimacy, and the subsequent scene with his mother, from whom he tries to wring the secret of his paternity, both appear in the old play; but in it everything that the Bastard says is in grim earnest—the embroidery of wit belongs to Shakespeare alone. It is he who has placed in Faulconbridge's mouth such sayings as this:—

> "Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
> Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
> Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast."

And it is quite in Shakespeare's spirit when the son, after her confession, thus consoles his mother:—

> "Madam, I would not wish a better father.
> Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
> And so doth yours."

In later years, at a time when his outlook upon life was darkened, Shakespeare accounted for the villany of Edmund, in *King Lear*, and for his aloofness from anything like normal humanity, on the ground of his irregular birth; in the Bastard of this play, on the contrary, his aim was to present a picture of all that health, vigour, and full-blooded vitality which popular belief attributes to a "love-child."

Faulconbridge is at first full of youthful insolence, the true mediæval nobleman, who despises the burgess class simply as such. When the inhabitants of Angiers refuse to open their gates either to King John or to King Philip of France, who has espoused the cause of Arthur, the Bastard is so indignant at this peace-loving circumspection that he urges the kings to join their forces against the unlucky town, and cry truce to their feud

until the ramparts are levelled to the earth. But in the course of the action he ripens more and more, and displays ever greater and more estimable qualities—humanity, right-mindedness, and a fidelity to the King which does not interfere with generous freedom of speech towards him.

His method of expression is always highly imaginative, more so than that of the other male characters in the play. Even the most abstract ideas he personifies. Thus he talks (III. i.) of—

> "Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time."

In the old play whole scenes are devoted to his execution of the task here allotted him of visiting the monasteries of England and lightening the abbots' bursting money-bags. Shakespeare has suppressed these ebullitions of an anti-Catholic fervour, which he did not share. On the other hand, he has endowed Faulconbridge with genuine moral superiority. At first he is only a cheery, fresh-natured, robust personality, who tramples upon all social conventions, phrases, and affectations; and indeed he preserves to the last something of that contempt for "cockered silken wantons" which Shakespeare afterwards elaborates so magnificently in Henry Percy. But there is real greatness in his attitude when, at the close of the play, he addresses the vacillating John in this manly strain (V. i.):—

> "Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
> Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
> Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
> Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
> Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
> That borrow their behaviours from the great,
> Grow great by your example, and put on
> The dauntless spirit of resolution."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

John.

The king reigns neither by warrant of a just title, nor, like Bolingbroke, by warrant of the right of the strongest. He knows that his house is founded upon the sand; he knows that he has no justice of God and no virtue of man on which to rely. Therefore he assumes an air of authority and regal grandeur. But within all is rottenness and shame. Unlike the bold usurper Richard, John endeavours to turn away his eyes from facts of which he is yet aware; he dare not gaze into his own wretched and cowardly soul. When threatened by France with war, and now alone with his mother, John exclaims, making an effort to fortify his heart:—

"Our strong possession and our right for us."

But Elinor, with a woman's courage and directness, forbids the unavailing self-deceit:—

"Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me."

King Richard, when he would make away with the young princes, summons Tyrrel to his presence, and inquires, with cynical indifference to human sentiment:—

"Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?"

and when Tyrrel accepts the commission, Richard, in a moment of undisguised exultation, breaks forth with "Thou sing'st sweet music!" John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will pro-

duce assassination, he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the King's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.

The show of kingly strength and dignity in which John is clothed in the earlier scenes of the play must therefore be recognized (although Shakspere does not obtrude the fact) as no more than a poor pretence of true regal strength and honour. The fact, only hinted in these earlier scenes, becomes afterwards all the more impressive, when the time comes to show this dastard king, who had been so great in the barter of territory, in the sale of cities, in the sacrifice of love and marriage-truth to policy, now changing from pale to red in the presence of his own nobles, now vainly trying to tread back the path of crime, now incapable of enduring the physical suffering of the hour of death. Sensible that he is a king with no inward strength of justice or of virtue, John endeavours to buttress up his power with external supports; against the advice of his nobles he celebrates a second coronation, only forthwith to remove the crown from his head and place it in the hands of an Italian priest.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Constance.

We have seen that in the mother of Coriolanus, the principal qualities are exceeding pride, self-will, strong maternal affection, great power of imagination, and energy of temper. Precisely the same qualities enter into the mind of Constance of Bretagne; but in her these

qualities are so differently modified by circumstances and education, that not even in fancy do we think of instituting a comparison between the Gothic grandeur of Constance and the more severe and classical dignity of the Roman matron.

The scenes and circumstances with which Shakspeare has surrounded Constance, are strictly faithful to the old chronicles, and are as vividly as they are accurately represented. On the other hand, the hints on which the character has been constructed, are few and vague; but the portrait harmonizes so wonderfully with its historic background, and with all that later researches have discovered relative to the personal adventures of Constance, that I have not the slightest doubtful of its individual truth. The result of a life of strange vicissitude; the picture of a tameless will, and high passions, forever struggling in vain against a superior power; and the real situation of women in those chivalrous times, are placed before us in a few noble scenes. The manner in which Shakspeare has applied the scattered hints of history to the formation of the character, reminds us of that magician who collected the mangled limbs which had been dispersed up and down, reunited them into the human form, and reanimated them with the breathing and conscious spirit of life. . . .

Constance is certainly an historical personage; but the form which, when we meet it on the record of history, appears like a pale indistinct shadow, half melted into its obscure background, starts before us into a strange relief and palpable breathing reality upon the page of Shakspeare.

Whenever we think of Constance, it is in her maternal character. All the interest which she excites in the drama turns upon her situation as the mother of Arthur. Every circumstance in which she is placed, every sentiment she utters, has a reference to him; and she is represented through the whole of the scenes in which she

is engaged as alternately pleading for the rights and trembling for the existence of her son. . . .

But, while we contemplate the character of Constance, she assumes before us an individuality perfectly distinct from the circumstances around her. The action calls forth her maternal feelings, and places them in the most prominent point of view; but with Constance, as with a real human being, the maternal affections are a powerful instinct, modified by oher faculties, sentiments, and impulses, making up the individual character. We think of her as a mother, because, as a mother distracted for the loss of her son, she is immediately presented before us, and calls forth our sympathy and our tears; but we infer the rest of her character from what we see, as certainly and as completely as if we had known her whole course of life.

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, passion, of affection, of pride; the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the ether qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to en-

dure. It is, therefore, with perfect truth of nature, that Constance is first introduced as pleading for peace:—

> "Stay for an answer to your embassy,
> Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
> My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
> That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
> And then we shall repent each drop of blood
> That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed."

And that the same woman, when all her passions are roused by the sense of injury, should afterwards exclaim,

> "War, war! no peace! peace is to me a war!"

that she should be ambitious for her son, proud of his high birth and royal rights, and violent in defending them, is most natural; but I cannot agree with those who think that in the mind of Constance *ambition*—that is, the love of dominion for its own sake—is either a strong motive or a strong feeling; it could hardly be so where the natural impulses and the ideal power predominate in so high a degree. The vehemence with which she asserts the just and legal rights of her son is that of a fond mother and a proud-spirited woman, stung with the sense of injury, and herself a reigning sovereign, —by birth and right, if not in fact; yet when bereaved of her son, grief not only "fills the room up of her absent child," but seems to absorb every other faculty and feeling—even pride and anger. It is true that she exults over him as one whom nature and fortune had destined to be *great*, but in her distraction for his loss she thinks of him only as her "Pretty Arthur."

> "O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
> My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!"

No other feeling can be traced through the whole of her frantic scene; it is grief only—a mother's heart-rending, soul-absorbing grief—and nothing else. Not

even indignation or the desire of revenge interferes with its soleness and intensity. An ambitious woman would hardly have thus addressed the cold, wily Cardinal:—

> "And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven," etc.

The bewildered pathos and poetry of this address could be natural in no woman who did not unite, like Constance, the most passionate sensibility with the most vivid imagination.

It is true that Queen Elinor calls her on one occasion "ambitious Constance"; but the epithet is rather the natural expression of Elinor's own fear and hatred than really applicable. Elinor, in whom age had subdued all passions but ambition, dreaded the mother of Arthur as her rival in power, and for that reason only opposed the claims of the son; but I conceive that in a woman yet in the prime of life, and endued with the peculiar disposition of Constance, the mere love of power would be too much modified by fancy and feeling to be called a *passion.*

In fact, it is not pride, nor temper, nor ambition, nor even maternal affection which in Constance gives the prevailing tone to the whole character; it is the predominance of imagination. I do not mean in the conception of the dramatic portrait, but in the temperament of the woman herself. In the poetical, fanciful, excitable cast of her mind, in the *excess* of the ideal power, tinging all her affections, exalting all her sentiments and thoughts, and animating the expression of both, Constance can only be compared to Juliet.

In the first place, it is through the power of imagination that when under the influence of excited temper, Constance is not a mere incensed woman; nor does she, in the style of Volumnia, "lament in anger, Juno-like," but rather like a sibyl in a fury. Her sarcasms come down like thunderbolts. In her famous address to Austria—

"O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil! thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!" etc.

it is as if she had concentrated the burning spirit of scorn, and dashed it in his face; every word seems to blister where it falls. In the scolding scene between her and Queen Elinor, the laconic insolence of the latter is completely overborne by the torrent of bitter contumely which bursts from the lips of Constance, clothed in the most energetic, and often in the most figurative expressions. . . .

And in a very opposite mood, when struggling with the consciousness of her own helpless situation, the same susceptible and excitable fancy still predominates:—

"Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me:
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears.
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day."

It is the power of imagination which gives so peculiar a tinge to the maternal tenderness of Constance; she not only loves her son with the fond instinct of a mother's affection, but she loves him with her poetical imagination, exults in his beauty and his royal birth, hangs over him with idolatry, and sees his infant brow already encircled with the diadem. Her proud spirit, her ardent enthusiastic fancy, and her energetic self-will, all combine with her maternal love to give it that tone and character which belongs to her only. . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione; but with a difference between *her* silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting

forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole, it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power, as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakspeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason, that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Arthur.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in

whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how anything so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech—" O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones "—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says: " If anything ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth*; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pandulph.

Pandulph, the legate, stands in group with the feudal princes like the representative of the adult fraud and heartlessness of priestcraft; the inheritor of high faculties cultivated to refined ill purposes from the old

Roman pontifices; the root of evil living among the ashes of the empire and springing up amongst and poisoning the better and unsophisticated tendencies of the northern nations, apprentices in civilization it is true but also novices in deceit. In his elaborate explaining away of perjury, his authorization by religious sanction of secret, treacherous murder and revolt, and in his cold-blooded complacency as he speculates on the certain murder of Arthur if dextrously provoked and the advantages to result to Holy Church therefrom, we have most striking contrast to the spirit of honour, of hatred of cruelty, and of compassion for the weak and afflicted, that characterizes the English Barons. The power of the natural affections over a rude nature is expressed most glowingly in the relenting of Hubert, but scarcely more touchingly than by the tears of Salisbury at the distress of Constance, or in his bitterness of heart at his false position as an enemy:—

> "Where honourable rescue and defence
> Calls out upon the name of Salisbury,"

and by the generous indignation of the barons, his companions, and of Faulconbridge no less, at the jeopardy and murder of Arthur. Formal religion is arrayed in the person of its official minister against the religion of humanity and sympathy; and the corruption of an artfully organized administration offends the spectator by assuming the honours and prerogatives of devotion and piety, when at war with all the feelings that by their essential qualities and in their own right are properly devout, moral and pious; and hence neither in falling off from their allegiance nor in returning to it do the barons admit the slightest weight, or even refer to the authority of Pandulph, a sign of the future which is quite as significant as the hankering of the kings and nobles after ecclesiastical hoards, which seconded the popular movement so efficiently at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Church and State.

As in *Coriolanus,* we have the antique state in conflict with its foundation, the family bond and its rights, so in *King John,* the centre of the action lies in the struggle between the mediæval state and its one basis, the church. As the latter was or pretended to be the ideal side of political life, and thus, as it were, the ethos, that is, the conscience of the state, this struggle is first of all reflected in John's own life and character; we have it exhibited in the perpetual conflict between his better self, which was naturally disposed to manly dignity, independence, and quick and resolute action, and his tendency to arbitrary proceedings, love of dominion and pretension, to caprice and passionate recklessness. Being in conflict with himself, his naturally discordant disposition degenerates into complete inconsistency and want of character. Hence, although he has even resorted to murder, he cannot maintain his tottering throne, either against Arthur's legitimate claims, or against the interferences of France and of the church. His own unjust title to the crown, his violence, and his inconsistent and arbitrary actions, his dispute with the church, and the intrigues of the latter, become the motives of France's breach of faith, of the ever-recurring contests from without, as well as of the internal dissensions of the kingdom. The relation between Church and State is the pulse of the whole historical action; John's dilemmas, his degradation and his death are its work, and the only means that it employs are that it contrives cleverly to make use of the illegitimacy attached to his crown, the weakness of his own character, and the want of strength in the feudal community, which again was the result of John's despotic rule.

However, this state of decay is manifested not only externally, in John's kingdom and his relation to the

barons and people, but also internally, and again not only in the State, for the Church itself is rotten to its inmost core; the policy of both is immoral, selfish and pretentious, and therefore loosened from its true foundation. The church, too, is desirous only of outward splendour, authority and power; it has entirely mistaken its own nature and its true vocation, and has fallen as low as the secular power, owing to its disloyal, intriguing actions, and its sophistic perversion of the fundamental laws of all morality.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

Lights and Shadows of the Play.

So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followed from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism. But Shakspere, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backt by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like,

deprecates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspere's power of creating situations, which he had possesst from the first.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

The play marks the transition from the chronicle play to the true drama; in which incidents and characters are selected for their dramatic significance, a dramatic motive introduced, dramatic movement traced, and a climax reached. The older playwrights, dealing with the events of a whole reign, would have given the play an epical or narrative quality; Shakespeare selected, compressed, foreshortened, and grouped events and figures in such a way as to secure connected action, the development of character, and a final catastrophe which is impressive, if not intrinsically dramatic. He instinctively omitted certain coarse scenes which were in the older play; he brought into clear light and consistency certain characters which were roughly sketched in the earlier work; in the scene between Hubert and Arthur he struck a new note of tenderness and pathos; while in giving marked prominence to the humour of Faulconbridge he opened the way for that blending of comedy with tragedy and history which is one of the marks, not only of his maturity, but of his greatness. The play has no hero, and is not free from the faults of the long line of dramas from which it descended and to which it belongs, but Shakespeare's creative energy is distinctly at work in it.
MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man.*

The Life and Death of King John.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.*
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*
PHILIP THE BASTARD, *his half-brother.*
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER OF POMFRET, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *king of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Lymoges, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*
MELUN, *a French lord.*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John.*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The Life and Death of

King John.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France,
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him: nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give me leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land:
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my trangression to my charge:
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power: Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off from the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, as I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
Arth. , Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her

And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town.
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town.
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,

Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?

irst Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
irst Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
ast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory,

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their rift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to thy foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doth spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon for himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,

Pand. "There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse."

Const. "And for mine too: when law can do no right,"

King John. Act 3, Scene 1.

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou are not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud,
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is not in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

Arth. "Must you with not irons burn out both mine eyes?"

Hub. "Young boy, I must."

King John. Act 4, Scene 1.

He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem.
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. 180
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends,
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V.

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;

K. John. "O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cark'd and burn'd;"

King John. Act 5, Scene 7.

And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A' = he; I. i. 68.

Absey book, i.e. A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.

Abstract, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.

Adjunct, consequent; III. iii. 57.

Advantage, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.

Adverse, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.

Advice, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.

Advised, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.

Aery, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

Affecteth, resembleth; I. i. 86.

Affections, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.

Affliction, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.

Aim; "cry a."; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.

Airy, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.

Amazed, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

An; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if*; I. i. 138.

Anatomy, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

Angel; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.

Angerly, angrily; IV. i. 82.

Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.

Answer, face; V. vii. 60.

Answer'd, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

Apparent, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.

Armado, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.

Arms, heraldic device, IV. iii. 47.

Arms, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.

Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.

Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.

Artificer, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

Aspect, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

Assured, betrothed; II. i. 535.

At = by; V. ii. 75.

Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.
Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! begone! IV. iii. 77.
Aweless, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

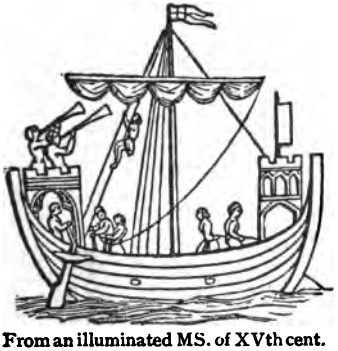
Back, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Beadle; II. i. 188.

The Beadle to the University of Paris. From a painted glass window in the Paris National Library (*temp.* Francis I.).

Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behaviour, "in my b.," *i.e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction; preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.

From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n.d.

Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Blow a horn, etc.; I. i. 219.
Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From an illuminated MS. of XVth cent.

Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabbler, quarreller, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
Brave, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except, III. i. 92; but that, IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now, V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.

Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios, "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
'Champion of our Church'; "the King of France was styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
Chaps, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
Chastised, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
Chatillon (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.

Check, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century (Staunton); II. i. 123.

Christendom, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.

Churlish, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.

Cincture (Pope's reading; Folios, "*center,*" perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.

Circumstance, details; II. i. 7.

Clap up, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.

Clearly, completely; V. v. 7.

Climate, region of the sky; II. i. 344.

Clippeth about, embraceth; V. ii. 34.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 72.

Closely, secretly; IV. i. 133.

Closet, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.

Clouts; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.

Clutch, shut close; II. i. 589.

Cocker'd, pampered; V. i. 70.

Coil, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.

Colbrand the Giant; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.

Coldly, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.

Commandment on, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.

Commodity, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.

Companies = company; IV. ii. 167.

Composition, compact; II. i. 561.

Compound, agree, settle; II. i. 281.

Compulsion, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.

Conceit, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.

Concludes, settles the matter; I. i. 127.

Conduct, escort, guard; I. i. 29.

Confounded, destroyed; V. vii. 58.

Confusion, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.

Conjure, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

Consequently, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.

Contemn'd, despised; V. ii. 13.

Control, constraint; I. i. 17.

Controlment, compulsion; I. i. 20.

Conversion, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.

Convertite, convert; V. i. 19.

Convicted, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.

Coops, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.

Corruptibly, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

Countries; "man of c.," traveller; I. i. 193.
Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
Create, created; IV. i. 107.
Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.
Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.
Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.
Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.
Dear; "my d. offence," "the offence which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
Defy, despise, denounce; III. iv. 23.
Departed, parted; II. i. 563.
Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.
Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.
Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 203.
Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements, III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.
Doff, take off; III. i. 128.
Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.
Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.
Effect, import, tenour; IV. i. 38.
Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6, 22.
Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.
Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
Equity, justice; II. i. 241.
Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.

Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.
Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.
Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.
Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.
Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.
Fine, punishment, V. iv. 37, 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.
Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
Fleshly land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.
Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.
Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
For, because; II. i. 591.
Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.
For because = because; II. i. 588.
Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.
Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.
France, the King of France; I. i. 1.
From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.
Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
Gawds, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
Give away, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.
Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.

From a specimen of the time of Henry VII., who first minted these coins.

Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
Handkercher = handkerchief IV. i. 42.
Harbourage, shelter; II. i. 234.
Harness'd, dressed in armour; V. ii. 132.
Hatch, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
Head of war, armed force; V. ii. 113.
Heat = heated; IV. i. 61.
Heinous, odious; III. iv. 90.
Hence, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
His=its; IV. iii. 32.
Hold, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
Hold hands with, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 494.
Holp, helped; I. i. 240.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 119.
Humours, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
Hurly = hurly-burly; confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

Idly, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
Impeach, accuse; II. i. 116.
Importance. importunity; II. i. 7.
In = on; I. i. 99.
Indifferency, impartiality; II. i. 579.
Indigest, chaos; V. vii. 26.
Indirect, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
Indirection, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
Industrious, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
Infant state, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
Infortunate, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
Innocency, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
Inquire out, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
Intelligence, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
Interest to, claim to; V. ii. 89.

Interrogatories, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.

Invasive, invading; V. i. 69.

Lineal, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.

List, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.

Litter, a couch for ladies and sick persons in travelling; V. iii. 16.

Illustration of a litter, from a drawing in the MS. *History of the Kings of France* (Royal 16 G 6), written early in XIVth century.

Inveterate, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

Joan, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.

Joy, glad; III. iv. 107.

Lasting, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.

Liable, subject, II. i. 490; fit, IV. ii. 226; allied, associated, V. ii. 101.

Lien = lain; IV. i. 50.

Lightning, "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.

Like, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.

Limited, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.

Line, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.

Make up, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.

Manage, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.

Many carriages; V. vii. 90.

A Mediæval Carriage.

From the MS. of *Le Roman du Roy Meliadus* (end of XIVth century), formerly in the Roxburghe Library. The elegant form of the wheel is noteworthy.

Matter, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

May, can; V. iv. 21.

Meagre, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
Means, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
Measures, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
Might, could, were able; II. i. 325.
Minion, favourite; II. i. 392.
Mistempered = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
Mistook, mistaken; III. i. 274.
Mocking, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
Modern, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
Module, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
Moe, more; V. iv. 17.
More, greater; II. i. 34.
Mortal, deadly; III. i. 259.
Motion, impulse; I. i. 212.
Mounting, aspiring; I. i. 206.
Mousing, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
Munition, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
Mutines, mutineers; II. i. 378.

New, lately; III. i. 233.
Nice; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III, iv. 138.
Nob, contemptuous, diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
No had, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
Note; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
Noted, known; IV. ii. 21.

Occasion, necessity, cause, II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities, IV. ii. 62; course of events, IV. ii. 125.
O'erbearing, bearing down, over-powering; III. iv. 9.
Of = from; III. iv. 55.
Offend, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
Offer, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
Opposite, contrary; III. i. 254.
Oppression; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
Out-faced, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
Outlook, face down; V. ii. 115.
Outward eye; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; the "eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
Overbear, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
Owe, own; II. i. 109.

Painted, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
Parle, parley; II. i 205.
Pass, refuse; II. i. 258.
Passionate, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
Pawns, pledges; V. ii. 141.
Peering o'er = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
Peevish, wayward; II. i. 402.
Peised, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
Pencil, small brush used to lay on colours; III. i. 237.

Peradventure, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
Peremptory, determined; II. i. 454.
Perfect, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
Philip sparrow; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's "*Boke of Phylyp Sparrowe*"); I. i. 231.
Picked, affected; I. i. 193.
Plots, positions; II. i. 40.
Possess'd with, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
Potents, potentates; II. i. 358.
Powers, armed force; III. iii. 70.
Practises, plots; IV. i. 20.
Prate, prattle; IV. i. 25.
Precedent, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
Presages, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
Presence; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
Presently, immediately; V. vii. 86.
Princes = lords; V. vii. 97.
Private, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
Prodigiously, by the birth of a monster, III. i. 91.
Propertied, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
Provoke, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
Puissance, armed force; III. i. 339.
Pure, clear; V. vii. 2.
Purpled hands, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
Purpose; "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
Put o'er, refer; I. i. 62.
Pyrenean, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

Quantity, small portion; V. iv. 23.
Quarter; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
Quoted, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

Rage = rave; V. vii. 11.
Ramping, rampant; III. i. 122.
Rankness, fulness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
Reason, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
Recreant, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
Refuse, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
Regreet, greeting; III. i. 241.
Remembers, reminds; III. iv. 96.
Remembrance, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
Remorse, compassion; II. i. 478.
Resolved, resolute; V. vi. 29.
Resolveth, melteth; V. iv. 25.
Respect, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
Respective, showing respect; I. i. 188.

Rest, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
Retire themselves = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
Revolts, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
Rheum, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
Ribs, walls; II. i. 384.
Ripe, ripen; II. i. 472.
Rounded, whispered; II. i. 566.
Roundure, enclosure; II. i. 259.
Rub, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
Rumour, din, tumult; IV. ii. 45.

Safety, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
Savagery, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
Scamble = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
Scath, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
Scope of nature, natural effect (Pope, "*scape,*" *i.e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
Scroyles, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
Seal to the indenture; II. i. 20. (*cp.* the annexed illustration of a seal attached to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.)

Secondary, subordinate; V. ii. 80.
Secure, free from care; IV. i. 130.
Semblance, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.
Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.
Set forward, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.
Shadow, reflection; II. i. 498.
Shadowing, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.
Shall, must; V. ii. 78.
Shrewd, evil, bad; V. v. 14.
Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.
Sick service, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.
Sightless, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.
Sign'd, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.
Set, close; V. vii. 51.
Skin-coat, i.e. lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.
Smacks, savours; II. i. 396.
Smoke, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.
So = if only; IV. i. 17.
Sole, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.
Solemnity, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.
Sooth, truth; IV. i. 29.
Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.
Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.
Sound, give voice to proclaim; IV. ii. 48.
Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

Sped, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.
Spend, waste; V. ii. 39.
Spirit, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.
Spleen, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.
Spot, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.
Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.
Staff, lance; II. i. 318.
State, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.
States, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.
Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.
Still, continually; V. vii. 37.
Still and anon, now and again; IV. i. 47.
Straight, straightway; II. i. 149.
Strait, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.
Stranger, foreign; V. i. 11.
Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.
Sudden, quick, hasty, IV. i. 27; unprepared, V. vi. 26.
Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.
Supernal, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.
Suspire, draw breath; III. iv. 80.
Swinged, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.
Take = make; III. i. 17.

'St. George that swinged the Dragon.' From an old black-letter ballad.

Tarre on, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.
Task (Theobald's correction of "*tast*" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.
Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
Temporize, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
Territories, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
Then, than; IV. ii. 42.
Threats, threatens; III. i. 347.
Tickling, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
Tides; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
Time's enemies, the enemies of the times, *i.e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
Tithe, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
To, added to; I. i. 144.
Toasting-iron, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.

Toll, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.

Tongue, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.

Took it on his death, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.

Topful, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.

Tooth-pick; I. i. 190. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth century specimen.

Tottering, tattered; V. v. 7.

Touch'd and tried, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.

Towers, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.

Toys, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

Trick, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.

True; "my t. defence," *i.e.* "the defence of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

Unadvised, without due thought, consideration, II. i. 45; rash, II. i. 191.

Unconstant = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.

Under-bear, bear, endure; III. i. 65.

Underprop, support; V. ii. 99.

Under-wrought, undermined; II. i. 95.

Undeserved, not merited; IV. i. 108.

Unhair'd, (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1) beardless; V. ii. 133.

Unmatchable, not able to be equalled; IV. iii. 52.

Unowed, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.

Unreverend, disrespectful; I. i. 227.

Unruly, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.

Unsured, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.

Unthread the rude eye, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald *"untread"*; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.

Unurged, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.

Unvex'd, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.

Up, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.

Upon, on the side of, I. i. 34; on account of, II. i. 597.

Vex'd, disquieted; III. i. 17.

Volquessen, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
Voluntaries, volunteers; II. i. 67.

Waft—wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
Wait upon, attend; V. vii. 98.
Walks; "wildly w.," *i.e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
Wall-eyed, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is descoloured or wanting in colour"); IV. iii. 49.
Want, lack; IV. i. 99.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
Wantonness, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
Warn'd, summoned; II. i. 201.
Watchful; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
Way, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
Weal, common-wealth, IV. ii. 65; welfare, IV. ii. 66.
Wear out, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
Weather, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
What! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
What though, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
What on, incite; III. iv. 181.
Whether (Folios "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
Wilful-opposite, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
Wind up, furl together; V. ii. 73.
Winking, closed; II. i. 215.
With = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
Worship, honour, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
Wrested, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

Yet, as yet; II. i. 361.
Yon, yonder; III. iii. 60.
You = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

Zeal, ardour, intense endeavour; II. i. 565.
Zounds; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first *'controlment'* in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról/ment fór/contrólment//so áns/wer Fránce./

I. i. 28. *'sullen presage of your own decay'*; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.

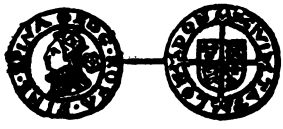
I. i. 49. *'expedition's'*; first Folio, *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.

I. i. 54. *'Cœur-de-lion'*; *'Cordelion'* in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

'knighted in the field'; in *'The Troublesome Raigne'* he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

I. i. 85. *'trick'*; it has been suggested that *'trick'* is used here in the heraldic sense of 'copy'; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.

I. i. 139. *'sir Robert's his,'* so the Folios; Theobald proposed *'sir Robert his,'* regarding *'his'* as the old genitive form; Vaughan, *'just sir Robert's shape'*; Schmidt takes the *''s his'* as a reduplicative possessive. Surely *'his'* is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to 'his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's'; 'sir Robert's his' = *'sir Robert's shape,' 'his'* emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

I. i. 143. *'Look, where three-farthings goes'*; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear. (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 147. *'I would not'*; Folio 1 reads *'It would not,'* probably a misprint, though Delius makes *'it'* refer to *'His face.'*

I. i. 234-5. *'eat his part upon Good-Friday'*; evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:—

'He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat' (*i.e. get*).

I. i. 244. *'Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like'*; an allusion to the old play called *'Soliman and Perseda'* (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

BAS. *'I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*
PIST. *'Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.'*
(*Cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271-2.)

II. i. 2. *'that great forerunner of thy blood'*; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.

II. i. 5. *'by this brave duke,'* so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.

II. i. 64. *'her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,' i.e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII., King of Castile.

II. i. 65. *'of the king's deceased,' i.e. 'of the deceased king'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'king'*; but Folio 1, *'kings'* = *'king's'* is idiomatically correct.

II. i. 103. *'huge'*; Rowe read *'large,'* doubtless a misprint for *'huge'* restored by Capell.

II. i. 113. *'breast'*; Folio 1, *'beast.'*

II. i. 119. *'Excuse; it is,'* etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, *'Excuse it is'*; Rowe (ed. 2) *'Excuse it, 'tis.'*

II. i. 137. *'of whom the proverb goes,' i.e. 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant'*; *cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, *'Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'*

II. i. 144. *'Great Alcides' shows upon an ass'*; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read *'shooes'*; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.

II. i. 149. *'King Philip,'* etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with *'King Lewis'* instead of *'King Philip'*; the error was first corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 152. *'Anjou,'* Theobald's correction of *'Angiers'* of the Folios.

II. i. 156. *'Bretagne'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Britaine'*; Folio 3, *'Britain'*; Folio 4, *'Brittain.'*

II. i. 159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.

II. i. 160, 161. *'it,'* old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'yt . . . it'*; Johnson, *'it' . . . it'*; Capell, *'it's . . . it's.'* In the Lancashire dialect *'hit'* is still common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.

II. i. 167. *'whether,'* monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'where'*; Folio 4, *'whe're.'*

II. i. 177. *'this is thy eld'st'*; Capell's emendation of the Folios, *'this is thy eldest'*; Fleay proposed *'this' thy eld'st'*; Ritson, *'thy eld'st,'* omitting *'this is.'*

II. i. 180. *'the canon of the law,' cp.* Exodus xx. 5.

II. i. 187. *'And with her plague; her sin his injury,'* etc.; the Folios, *'And with her plague her sin: his injury,'* etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

II. i. 196. *'aim'*; Folio 1, *'ayme'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'ay me'*; Rowe conjectured *'amen'*; Moberley, *'hem'*; Jackson, *'shame'*; Johnson, *'j'aime.'*

II. i. 215. *'Confronts your'*; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2,

'Comfort yours'; Folios 3, 4, *'Comfort your'*; Rowe suggested, *'Confront your'*; Collier, *'Come 'fore your.'*

II. i. 217. *'waist'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'waste'*; Folio 4, *'waiste'*; *'doth'*; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *'do.'*

II. i. 234. *'Crave,'* so Pope; Folios read *'Craues.'*

II. i. 259. *'roundure,'* so Capell; Folios read *'rounder'*; Singer, *'rondure.'*

II. i. 262. *'rude'*; Williams conjectured *'wide.'*

II. i. 323. *'Dyed'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Dide'*; Folio 4, *'dy'd.'* Pope suggested *'Stain'd'*; Vaughan, *'Dipp'd.'*

II. i. 325. In the Folios 'the first citizen' is throughout named 'Hubert,' in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.

II. i. 335. *'run,'* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'rome'*; Malone reads, *'roam'*; Nicholson conjectured *'foam.'*

II. i. 353. *'fangs,'* Steevens' spelling for *'phangs'* of the Folios.

II. i. 358. *'equal potents'*; Collier reads *'equal potent'*; Delius, *'equal-potents'*; Dyce, *'equal-potent.'*

'fiery-kindled,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'fierie kindled'*; Pope, *'fiery-kindled'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'fire-ykindled'*; Lettsom conjectures *'fire-enkindled.'*

II. i. 371. *'King'd of our fears'*; the Folios, *'Kings of our fear'*; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.

II. i. 378. *'the mutines of Jerusalem,' i.e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the 'Joseppon,' as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.

II. i. 425. *'Dauphin,'* so Rowe; Folios, *'Dolphin'* (*passim*).

II. i. 584. *'aid'*; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture), *'aim.'*

III. i. 16-17. *'thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,* etc.; Rowe's emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *'jest . . . spirits.'*

III. i. 148. *'task,'* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *'tast'*; Folios 3, 4, *'taste'*; Rowe conjectured *'tax.'*

III. i. 209. *'new untrimmed bride'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'new and trimmed,'* or *'new untamed,' 'new betrimmed'*; Dyce,

'new uptrimmed.' Staunton was probably right when he suggested that *'untrimmed'* is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

III. i. 259. *'chafed lion'*; Theobald's correction of the Folios, *'cased.'*

III. i. 280-4. In the First Folio the reading is:—

> *'But thou hast sworn against religion;*
> *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,*
> *And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*
> *Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure*
> *To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn.'*

In line 281 a plausible emendation is *'swar'st'* (='*swor'st'*) for the second *'swear'st.'* *'By what'*='in so far as'; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first *'truth'* as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning 'troth': lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after *'unsure,'* and rendering 'to swear' with the force of 'if a man swear.'

III. ii. 4. *'Philip'*; Theobald, *'Richard'*; the error was probably Shakespeare's; *'Philip'* was *'Sir Richard.'*

III. iii. 12. *'Bell, book and candle.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

III. iii. 26. *'time,'* Pope's emendation for *'tune'* of the Folios.

'Bell, book and candle.' From the stone-coffin lid of a XIIIth century priest, in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

III. iii. 39. *'Sound on into the drowsy ear of night'*; the Folios, *'race'*; Dyce and Staunton, *'ear'*; Bulloch, *'face,'* etc. Theobald suggested *'sound one unto,'* as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.

III. iii. 52. *'brooded watchful day'*; Pope's *'broad-ey'd,'* Mitford's *'broad and,'* and various emendations have been proposed, but *'brooded'*='having a brood to watch over,' hence *'brooding'*='sitting on brood.'

III. iii. 72. *'attend on you.'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'to attend'*; Pope reads *'t' attend.'*

III. iv. 2. *'convicted,' i.e.* 'overcome'; there is perhaps a refer-

ence here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed '*collected*'; other suggestions have been '*convented*,' '*connected*,' '*combined*,' '*convexed*,' etc.

III. iv. 6. '*Is not Angiers lost?*' etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.

III. iv. 44. '*not holy*,' so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*holy*'; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) '*unholy*.'

III. iv. 64. '*friends*,' Rowe's emendation of '*fiends*' of the Folios.

III. iv. 98. '*Then have I reason to be fond of grief*,' Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*'; Folio 4, '*Then . . . grief?*'

III. iv. 110. '*world's taste*,' Pope's emendation of the Folios, '*words taste*'; Jackson's conjecture, '*word, state*.'

III. iv. 182. '*strong actions*,' so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints '*strange actions*.'

IV. i. 92. '*mote*,' Steevens' emendation for '*moth*' of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.

IV. ii. 42. '*then lesser is my fear*,' so Folio 1; '*then*' a common spelling of 'than' in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*then less is my fear*'; Pope, '*the lesser is my fear*.'

IV. ii. 50. '*myself and them*' = (perhaps) '*myself and themselves*'; hence the ungrammatical '*them*.'

IV. ii. 65. '*than whereupon our weal*,' etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i.e.*, '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare,' etc.

IV. ii. 117. '*care*'; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads '*eare*' or '*care*'; the other Folios '*care*.' There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that '*care*' was corrected to '*eare*' in some copies of the First Folio.

IV. ii. 120. '*first of April*'; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.

IV. ii. 123. '*Three days before*'; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.

IV. ii. 147. '*a prophet*.' *i.e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).

IV. ii. 194. '*his iron did on the anvil cool*.' The annexed curi-

ous illustration of smiths at work is taken from an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

Mediæval Smiths (see note above).

IV. iii. 11. '*him*' = the Dauphin.

V. i. 8. '*counties*'; it is difficult to determine whether '*counties*' = (i.) 'counts,' *i.e.* 'the nobility,' or (ii.) 'the divisions of the country'; probably the former.

V. ii. 1. '*this*,' *i.e.* 'this compact with the English Lords.'

V. ii. 27. '*step after a stranger, march*,' so the Folios; Theobald '*stranger march*,' but the original reading seems preferable.

V. ii. 36. '*grapple*,' Pope's emendation of '*cripple*' of the Folios; Steevens conjectured '*gripple*,' Gould '*couple*.'

V. ii. 59. '*Full of warm blood*,' Heath's conjecture for '*Full warm of blood*' of the Folios.

V. ii. 64. '*an angel spake*'; '*angel*' used probably equivocally with a play upon 'angel' the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous '*purse*,' '*nobles*.'

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

V. ii. 105. (See next page).

V. ii. 133. '*unhair'd*,' Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1,

'unheard'; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'unheard'*; Keightly proposed *'unbeard.'*

V. iii. 8. *'Swinstead,'* so in *'The Troublesome Raigne'*; 'Swinstead' = Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

V. iv. 15. *'He,' i.e.* the Dauphin; perhaps *'lords'* in the previous line is an error for *'lord.'*

V. iv. 24-5. *'even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,'* alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.

V. iv. 60. *'Right in thine eye'*; it has been suggested that *'right'* is a misprint for *'riot'*; *'plight,' 'fight,' 'fright,'* etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.

V. vi. 12. *'eyeless night,'* Theobald's emendation of the Folios, *'endless.'*

V. vii. 16. *'Leaves them invisible, and his siege'*; so Folio 1, the other Folios, *'and her siege'*; Pope, *'leaves them; invisible his siege'*; Hanmer, *'leaves them insensible; his siege'*; Steevens, *'invincible'*; etc.

V. vii. 21. *'cygnet'*; Rowe's correction of *'Symet'* of the Folios.

Have I not here the best cards for the game' (V. ii. 105).
From an illuminated MS. of the early XVth century. Perhaps the most ancient representation of the kind known.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

15. *Thy nephew,* etc.:—As Richard I. died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.

26. *The thunder of my cannon*:—The Poet here antedates the use of gunpowder by over a hundred years. So again, in II. i. 227, he speaks of *bullets wrapp'd in fire.* A similar anachronism occurs in *Macbeth,* I. ii. 37: "*Cannons* overcharged with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In all such cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most

intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he has been found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.

31 *et seq.* Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."

49. [*Enter . . . bastard brother.*] We have already seen that Richard I. died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says: "The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:—

> "Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
> A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

88. *the large composition of this man?*—"This expression," says Clarke, "finely brings to the eye those magnificent proportions of manly strength that characterized Richard I., and which helped to make him the heroic ideal of English hearts."

113-117. *Full fourteen,* etc.:—Wilkes says: "Lord Campbell, in his review of the play of *King John,* expresses himself somewhat disappointed that he has not found more, of what he calls *legalisms* in Shakespeare's dramas, founded upon English history. He accounts for this paucity of legal reference, however, by the fact that 'our great dramatist,' has in these histories 'worked upon the foundations already laid by other men, who had no technical knowledge.' 'Yet,' he continues, 'we find in several of the "Histories" Shakespeare's fondness for law terms; and it is still remarkable, that, whenever he indulges this propensity, he uniformly lays down good law.' His lordship gives as a strong illustration of this fact, the decision by King John, between Hubert and Philip Faulconbridge upon the question of bastardy pleaded by the younger brother, against Philip, who, however, like Shake-

speare's eldest daughter, Susanna, had made his appearance after the nuptials of parents, 'Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.' The King legally decides that Philip is legitimate, and is therefore his father's lawful heir, because his 'father's wife did *after* wedlock bear him.' So far, however, from receiving this as a substantial evidence of Shakespeare's law learning, it seems to me to evince no more legal knowledge than ought to be expected from any well-educated youth of twenty-one."

137. *Lord of thy presence,* etc.:—That is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly person, inherited from thy great progenitor. Perhaps the idea is also implied of mastery of himself, of his own identity. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem *The Happy Man,* we have expressions resembling these:—

> "Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all."

162. *Plantagenet* was not the original name of the house of Anjou, but a nickname bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a stalk of the broom-plant (*planta genista*) in his bonnet.

189, 190. *your traveller,* etc.:—It is said in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. v. 28, 29, that "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. *At my worship's mess* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed. *Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honour* was to a lord.

207, 208. *For he is,* etc.:—That is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

231. *Good leave, good Philip*:—"For an instance of Shakespeare's power *in minimis,*" observes Coleridge, "I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John.* How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!" "They certainly suffice to show us," adds Clarke, "the free-and-easy style of the confidential servitor; one intrusted with the family secrets of this country household; one accustomed to

treat the eldest son, but not the heir, with a coolly easy familiarity tolerated by the good-humoured young man, and only lightly waved aside by the new-made knight."

268. *He that perforce*, etc.:—Rastall's *Chronicle* gives a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him; and, when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon; and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon: but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See Percy's *Reliques* for a metrical form of the story.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

12. *God shall forgive you*, etc.:—Clarke thinks that in making Arthur of younger age at this period than historical truth warrants, "Shakespeare well knew that the truth of tragic story would be more perfectly fulfilled by having a child the subject of injury here. The way," continues Clarke, "in which he has drawn the innocent boy throughout is intensely pathetic—a sweet and gentle nature hurled to and fro like a flower amid tempests; bruised, wounded, and finally crushed by the stormy passions and ruthless ambitions of the merciless natures around him. That the dramatist has nowise violated natural and characteristic truth, by making the little prince speak with a grace and propriety beyond those generally belonging to children of his age, we have confirmatory evidence in a record made by Froissart in his *Chronicles*, where he describes the conduct of the Princess of France, then 'a yonge childe of eyght yere of age.'"

19, 20. Wilkes tells us that a "legal illustration which Lord Campbell gives is found within the lines spoken by the Duke of Austria, upon giving his pledge to support the title of Prince Arthur against King John:—

> 'Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
> *As seal to this indenture of my love.*'

Lord Campbell regards this as a purely legal metaphor, which might come naturally from an attorney's clerk, who had often

been an attesting witness to the execution of deeds. I quite agree," says Wilkes, "with his lordship in this view, but the expression might just as naturally have come from any intelligent merchant or poetaster of the time."

32. *O, take his mother's thanks*:—"My idea of Constance," says Mrs. Siddons, "is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, at the commencement of the second Act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition and of a grateful heart."

50, 51. *A wonder, lady!* etc.:—"The wonder," according to Johnson, "is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good."

131. *if thou wert his mother*:—Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards (1151) married to King Henry II.

134. *Hear the crier*:—Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice. The Bastard is sarcastic and badgers Austria.

136. *An a' may catch your hide,* etc.:—The lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honour of his exploit in killing Richard.

289. *Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door*:—It will, of course, be understood that pictures of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, were used as innkeepers' signs. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running his favourite warcry into a humorous allusion. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."

321-323. It was anciently the practice of the chase for the huntsmen to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a

trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 204-206:—

> "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
> Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
> Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe."

423, 424. *That daughter there*, etc.:—The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

533. *young princes, close your hands*:—This marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed"; which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter Constance.*] Mrs. Siddons has left us a fine commentary on the character of Constance, of which the following passages may fitly be cited here: "The ideas one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heartrending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot it is to personate this great character should be

richly endowed by nature for its various requirements; yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much, remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of Constance great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur while she herself is absent from the stage; so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of Constance shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third Act, when, stunned with terrible surprise, she exclaims:—

> 'Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!'—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait."

12. *capable*:—So in *Hamlet*, III. iv. 126, 127. "His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, would make them *capable*."

23. *Like a proud river*, etc.:—This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river overflow their bounds!*"

42. *I do beseech you*, etc.:—Clarke here has this discerning comment: "The boy's artless appeals to his mother amidst her vehement indignation and passionate lamentation, a compound of maternal ambition and maternal love, should have sufficed to teach her heart the lesson so subtly inculcated by the Poet, that ambitious projects indulged for the sake of a being beloved, until they merge affection in violence and absorbing purpose, gradually undermine love in the bosom of the one beloved. It is curious to observe how little of tenderness there is in Arthur towards his mother, as response to all the passionate (but vehemently and

even violently passionate) love she lavishes upon him. Thus acutely and truly does Shakespeare indicate his moral lessons."

69. *For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop*:—The meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops*, or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editors. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "*In Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."

92. *But on this day let seamen fear no wreck*:—In the old almanacs the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains were distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in *Macbeth*, IV. i. 33, 34: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."

107. *Arm, arm, you heavens*, etc.:—"This grandly wild appeal of an outraged mother," declares Clarke, "has its sublime parallel in that of the outraged father, Lear; where he invokes the heavens to make his cause their own, because themselves are old. Shakespeare never repeats himself; but he has some few of these exceptional similitudes, where Nature herself has them, in the rareness of extreme crises of passion."

129. *hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs*:—It is probable, as Ritson observes, that she means to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's.

133. The following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:—

Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alceto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

147, 148. *What earthly name,* etc.:—What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories can force a king to *speak* and answer them?

Scene II.

2. *airy devil*:—In Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication,* 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

Scene III.

12. *Bell, book, and candle*:—The order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and several wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in Bale's *Pageant*:—

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke does speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:

As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

73. *On toward Calais, ho!*—John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to Falaise in Normandy, where he was for a time confined. Thence he was removed to Rouen and there either died or was put to death by the agents of John.

Scene IV.

23. *No, I defy all counsel, all redress*:—Says Mrs. Siddons: "I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert that, though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene (III. iv.), I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character. Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations."

37. *No, no, I will not, having breath to cry*:—"The feminine style," remarks Weiss, "is shown in Constance with great discrimination. Both sexes can hate injustice, and may be opposed to compromises. Both can have indignation for a crime. But see how Constance puts into these moral feelings a scorn and a swiftness of dissent, urged by a volubility more native to a woman than to a man. Woman is apt, indeed, to be too voluble: each minute of her phrases breeds new ones; so she does not stop to notice that her indictment is shorter than her breath. Therefore men are apt to notice and to complain that her indictment does not reach up to the tide-mark of her breath. But the invective of Constance is the swift weapon-play of maternity: it flashes

through every guard, touches rapidly to and fro, and draws blood at every unexpected touch."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*A room in a castle.*] In the original the stage direction is merely, *Enter Hubert and Executioners.* Northampton is usually set down as the place of the scene. The scene certainly lies somewhere in England, and in the time of John Northampton was in fact honoured with the royal residence. But White makes the scene Canterbury, and has the following note: "Arthur was imprisoned first at Falaise and afterward at Rouen in France; but the scene has plainly been changed to England, as it is also in the old *King John.* Hitherto this Act has been located at Northampton 'merely' in the words of Malone, 'because in the first Act King John seems to have been in that town.' But King John's whereabout, which is also Arthur's as far as the play is concerned (for Hubert passes quickly from one to the other), is determined by the fact that the coronation spoken of in the next Scene as having just taken place (in the old play it takes place before the audience), and which is immediately followed by Arthur's death, is the last of the four by which John sought to prop his tottering title. This ceremony, as well as its predecessor, took place at Canterbury, where are still visible the remains of a castle of the Norman period, in which Arthur may be supposed to have been confined, if we must consider the material probabilities. If, then, Northampton be an acceptable locality, because, as Collier remarks, 'it will answer the purpose as well as any other,' Canterbury is preferable because it will answer the purpose better than any other."

15, 16. *Young gentlemen . . . wantonness*:—This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of the time. Lyly also ridicules it in his *Midas*: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles,* says he is *melancholy.*"

58. *I have sworn to do it*:—The following dialogue is in *The Troublesome Raigne,* Sc. xii.:—

Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.
Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur. Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed false and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

134. *Much danger do I undergo for thee*:—Holinshed gives the following accoûnt of the matter of this Scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.

Scene II.

4. *once superfluous*:—That is, once more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the fourth time.

29. *confound their skill in covetousness*:—Bacon likewise attributes the failures of certain men to the love, not of *excellence*, but of *excelling*. The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration.

85. *He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night*:—Here again we quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."

147-152. *a prophet . . . crown*:—This prophet, Peter of Pomfret, was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."

182-184. *five moons*, etc.:—Thus in Holinshed: "About the

month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."

231 *et seq.* "There are," says Johnson, "many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."

260. *Doth Arthur live?*—Holinshed thus continues the story of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."

Scene III.

10. *Heaven take my soul,* etc.:—The old chroniclers gave various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat

during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days, but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

147. *The unowed interest*, etc.:—"In this hour of ripened moral perception," says Clarke, "the speaker suffers himself to confess that the only rightful possessor of England is gone, and that John is but possessor by tenure of usurpation and wrong; nevertheless, Philip's sense of fidelity and personal gratitude to the present occupier of the throne will not let him abandon him or his cause, especially now that they are in jeopardy and peril."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

44. *Between compulsion and a brave respect!*—This *compulsion* refers to Salisbury's *enforced cause* (line 30), the reform in the state, which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms. The *brave respect* is the honourable motive or patriotic regard.

89. *interest to*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 98, 99:—

> "He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou the shadow of succession."

And in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He hath a release from Rose . . . of all her interest *to* the manor of Pedimore."

Scene IV.

7 *et seq.* [*Melun.*] The chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old *King John*:—

> "There 's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."

Scene V.

10, 11. *the English lords,* etc.:—"Magna Charta," observes Lloyd, "is omitted in the play, and the obtaining of it from the reluctant and speedily recusant John was in fact, as regards the leading movement of the reign, an episode, and omitted of necessity. The struggle that Magna Charta symbolizes awaited still its grandest manifestation when Shakespeare lived and wrote. . . . Still the genius of Magna Charta is infused into the play, and in the concession which John is forced to make to the barons in the interest of humanity and conciliation of his subjects, we recognize the seal of the cause of justice against arbitrary administration."

Scene VI.

23. *The king, I fear, is poison'd,* etc.:—Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."

Scene VII.

26, 27. *To set a form,* etc.:—Compare with Ovid's description of Chaos (*Metamorphoses,* i.) "Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles."

64. *Devoured by the unexpected flood*:—This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

64. [*The King dies.*] "The tragic Poet," says Verplanck, "has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay (*Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*), that here is a long interval leaped over at once in which 'foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta.*' The plain answer to this is, that the Poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half-fictitious Faulconbridge afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta,* and the political rights of Englishmen ac-

quired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning-point of interest in his drama—and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action—it would have required all the Poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that:—

> 'The charter of our liberties receiv'd
> The royal signature at five o'clock,
> When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
> To cardinal Pandulph, and their Majesties,
> After partaking of a cold collation,
> Return'd to Windsor.'"

Knight on this point has these discriminating remarks: "The interval of fourteen years, between the death of Arthur and the death of John, is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur, and the events which marked the last days of John, were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the Poet leaps. . . . It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakespeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged."

99. *At Worcester must his body be interr'd*:—A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered under the pavement of the choir in the Cathedral of Worcester in 1797. The effigy, supposed to be the original cover of the coffin, is also the earliest sculpture of a sovereign now to be seen in England.

111. *Since it hath been*, etc.:—Seeing that previously we have had enough of grief, let us not now give way to sorrow beyond what is necessary.

Questions on King John.

1. What is the approximate date of the composition of *King John*? When was it first printed?

2. In what respects does it differ from the earlier play, *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*?

ACT FIRST.

3. Who occupy the stage at the opening of the first Scene? Why was it necessary to open this play with the principals in the action?

4. Explain the keynote, *borrowed majesty*. What is the claim of Philip of France?

5. How does Elinor explain the cause of the French demands? In this does she understand Constance? If you decide that Elinor's charge against Constance of being *ambitious* is a dramatic device employed in depicting Elinor's character, is it good art to strike a false note and establish a prepossession concerning a character not yet introduced to speak for herself?

6. How does John regard his own relation to the sovereignty? Does his mother show the clearer brain?

7. What dispute is brought to John to settle? What is the temper of Faulconbridge? Who first detects the paternity of Faulconbridge?

8. How is the dispute settled?

ACT SECOND.

9. With what purpose does the Duke of Austria assume a part in the action?

10. With what speech does Arthur first appear in the play? What does Constance first say? What traits does she show?

11. What are King Philip's protestations? Who urges a stay until the messenger arrives from England.

12. What is Chatillon's announcement? In what spirit is it couched?

13. How is the demand of the French king answered by King John?

14. How are Elinor and Constance brought into the dispute? Characterize the bearing of each.

15. Why does a quarrel break out between Austria and the Bastard.

16. What English possessions in France does the French king demand of John in behalf of Arthur?

17. What appeal is made to the citizens of Angiers, and how is it answered? What is the dramatic effect of the sallies of the Bastard?

18. What was the result of the fight? What second answer comes from the citizens of Angiers?

19. To what course does the Bastard (Sc. i., lines 350-360) urge the two kings? What was his purpose in recommending the sack of the town?

20. What is the recommendation of the First Citizen? What motives lead the two kings to adopt it?

21. What is the Bastard's feeling about Arthur's rights? In his survey of the act of the French king, how is he led to consider his own individual case? Was it the conflict between his sense of justice and the anomalies of his position that led him to commit himself to the worship of *commodity*?

22. Do his subsequent acts prove him here to be indulging in self-slander?

ACT THIRD.

23. Quote the line in the preceding Act where Sc. i. is foreshadowed.

24. Characterize the emotional state of Constance at the opening of this Act.

25. What is Arthur's attitude towards his mother?

26. What is the dramatic purpose of lines 110, 111?

27. What was signified by the *lion's hide*?

28. Upon what mission does Pandulph come?

29. What motive led John to defy the pope and suffer excommunication?

30. Estimate the character of the French king. Why did he withdraw from the agreement with John?

1. What bearing has this scene of broken oaths and broken ws upon the main theme of the plot?
2. What is the Bastard's comment upon the scene? What nts of resemblance are there between him and Enobarbus of *tony and Cleopatra*?
3. What is effected by Sc. ii.?
4. What is foreshadowed by line 5, Sc. iii.?
5. On what mission is the Bastard sent to England in advance the king?
6. How does John convey his wishes to Hubert concerning thur?
7. What point in the drama does Sc. iii. mark?
8. How does Sc. iv. exhibit Constance?
9. Does this lament of Constance reveal any hint of disappointed ambition?
40. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play shown in he effect of the events of the times upon Lewis the Dauphin?
41. What type of character is shown in Pandulph?
42. Is political shrewdness shown in his forecasting the events of the future?

ACT FOURTH.

43. What aspects of Arthur has the play hitherto presented? What are added by Sc. i.? How old do you take him to be?
44. What is the emotional appeal of this Scene? Does the Scene increase or lessen the sense of the tragic future awaiting Arthur?
45. Was it a bad policy in John to demand a second coronation? What effect had his act upon the nobles?
46. What request does Pembroke make of John? How does Sc. ii. reveal the dramatic purpose of Hubert's yielding to Arthur's pleadings?
47. What is John's reflection after the lords quit the scene?
48. What messages from France arrive?
49. How does the Bastard bear himself towards John? What is the condition of the lower classes?
50. How does John show his moral cowardice in his scene with Hubert?
51. What led Arthur to attempt escape? Is his death-scene dramatically impressive?

Questions

52. Show how the pathos of his life is impressed by the action of the nobles.

53. Does Hubert clear himself from suspicion even by his protestations?

54. How does the Bastard comment upon the times in speaking of the death of Arthur?

ACT FIFTH.

55. What act of John does Sc. i. present?

56. How does the Bastard again urge the king to action? What phase of cowardice does John show?

57. How does Lewis meet the demands of Pandulph? How those of the Bastard?

58. In what condition does Sc. iii. show the king? What has happened to the French?

59. How did the king come to his death? What became of the revolted nobles?

60. Comment on the part the Bastard plays in these closing scenes.

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61. In this play how is the note of nationality sounded? How is England shown to be greater than its king?

62. John is among Shakespeare's portraits of weak kings: wherein does he differ from Richard II. and Henry VI.?

63. What is the turning-point of his career?

64. What would you argue from Shakespeare's modification of the violent anti-papal spirit of the earlier play?

65. What are some of the unhistorical assumptions of this play—especially those relating to Arthur and Constance?

66. Why did Shakespeare disregard the Magna Charta episode of John's reign?

67. Estimate the character of the Bastard. Contrast him with Edmund in *King Lear*.